

"The Ocean Girl; or, The Boy Buccaneer," by the Author of "Cruiser Crusoe," Commences in the Next Number.

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THE POET'S REST.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

The poet slept, when night came down,
A sleep most sweet and tender:
His life, we said, has claimed its crown,
His face a rarest splendor.

The splendor of a peace so sweet
That naught shall mar its quiet—
Best wraps him in from head to feet
From every earthly riot.

We put some blossoms in his hand,
And some upon his bosom,
The sweetest heart in all the land
Had love for every blossom.

We made his grave among the grass,
Upon the hillside sunny,
Where every day the winds would pass
And bees would seek for honey.

We planted on his lowly grave
The violet and the clover,
And asked the grass to grow and wave
The poet's pillow over.

The bees will seek the clover blooms
That blow in spring above him;
And violets, in their sweet perfumes,
Will tell how much they love him.

Rest, poet! we shall go our ways,
But not, dear friend, forget you;
In future hours and coming days
No sorrow shall beset you.

And when we think of you, asleep,
That thought shall check our sorrow;
You never more will wake to weep—
You've found the glad To-morrow!

Out in the World: OR, THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW. A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V. MASTER AND MAN.

WHEN Chauncey Watterson left Elinor Gregg he went immediately to the stables and bid Rand saddle his favorite, Ney. "Bound for the city, sir?" asked Rand, as he led the beautiful sorrel into the yard. "Yes," was the reply. "Back to-day?" "I suppose so."

"Will Johnson wait up for you?" "No; I have a night-key. Good-by, Rand."

He waved the short riding-whip at the driver; he took off his hat to Mrs. Watterson, who was peering through one of the parlor windows, and, cantering down the shady avenue, was lost to sight. As soon as he reached the open roadway he buried the spurs into the sides of his horse, and the animal sprang forward into a gallop. A half an hour at a pell-mell pace and he turned into what was then Western, but is now Central avenue. The street was so thronged with vehicles and pedestrians that Chauncey was forced to permit his panting steed to walk slowly until the corner of Fifth street was gained. Then he dashed on again up to Vine, where he alighted and gave his horse in charge of a negro whom he called Gilbert.

"I'm going in here, I'll be back presently, Gilbert."

He placed in the black palm a piece of silver and disappeared in the grimy doorway of a tall, black-looking, shutterless house of three stories which stood on the west side of the street.

The stairs he ascended were besmeared with rubbish, and they creaked under his heavy footfalls as if they were unwilling to bear the additional weight.

On reaching the landing at the head of the first flight of stairs Chauncey stopped, whistled twice and then waited.

The door before which he stood rattled, as if in answer, and then it swung open and a tall, gaunt, red-whiskered man stood in the entrance.

"It's you, is it—eh?" were his first words as he met Chauncey. "Didn't expect to see you to-day."

"I suppose not," replied Chauncey, pushing past the man into the room.

"No, you doesn't often put in your appearance in daylight," said the red-whiskered man, closing the door with a bang that made all the windows rattle. "This ain't just the sort of a neighborhood a man would like to mix in and claim to be respectable, is it?"

Chauncey turned and looked into the fellow's eyes savagely.

"Ned Blaisley, I don't want any of your jeering. Do you understand that?"

"I think I do."

"I hope you'll heed me, too, when I say that you must not fool with me."

"Meant no offense, sir," and Blaisley bowed.

"Now, look here, Ned: I don't want any of your mock politeness. I owe you nothing."

"Not a red."

"I have paid you for every thing you ever did for me?"



"I have got things as comfortable as I could on such short notice," the old hag said.

matter of business," said Chauncey, following the burly form of Blaisley through the hazy, uncertain light that was in the front room.

"Always ready to talk business," said the latter, as he opened a small door which led into an inner room. "Come in, Mr. Watterson. Hold up; I'll strike a light."

As soon as the lamp, which swung from the center of the ceiling, was lit, Chauncey looked curiously about him.

The apartment was small, but handsomely furnished. The furniture was of green brocade, and on a large center-table stood dice-boxes, two packs of cards, and a silver faro-box.

"Room a little untidy," said Blaisley, waving Chauncey to a seat. "The boys were playing until four this morning. Had an interesting game. Plucked a Lexington cove for five hundred ducats, last night."

"Indeed!" said Watterson. "The bank was in luck."

"Always is when there's no disguised professionals around. But say, what do you want me to do?"

"Are you sure there is no one about?" asked Chauncey, looking cautiously around.

"Not a soul," was the reply.

"Well, then, I have a job for you."

"What kind of a job? No throat-cutting or any thing of that kind—eh?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"I'm glad of that. You see it's unpleasant to have any thing to do with coroners."

Blaisley laughed as he spoke, and Chauncey turned upon him with eyes gleaming and face crimson.

"None of your wit, Blaisley. I'm not in the mood for humor."

"I was only a-joking," answered Blaisley; "and you used to could take a joke with anybody."

"And I can do so yet; but, as I have said already, I come here on business. Can you help me to carry a girl from Walnut Grove to the house down by the Ohio?"

"Girl willin'?"

"Perfectly."

"Servant girl or visitor?"

"A visitor."

"Then we'll have to be gentle with her."

"As gentle as a child."

"All right. What's the rake?"

each other cordially by the hand and parted.

"At eleven to-night," were Chauncey's last words, as he left the inner room.

"At eleven," echoed Blaisley, without stirring.

CHAPTER VI. THE BOY MINSTRELS.

WHEN Chauncey Watterson left the crib, as the house on Vine street was called by those who frequented it, he mounted his steed and rode to the home of Grace Alward.

"She was 'at home' to Mr. Watterson, at all times; and so, when the ebony servant recognized Chauncey that morning, he ushered him into the reception-room at once."

"Miss Grace, sah, will be down direct'ly," he said, and, making a profound salaam, disappeared.

Chauncey appeared very much at home in that elegant reception-room. He leaned back in the soft depths of a plush velvet chair, and surveyed with a careless glance the magnificent appointments.

The lace upon the windows was heavy and costly; the carpet of the richest texture and most elaborate pattern, while the furniture must have been imported, he thought; it was so entirely unlike any thing he had ever seen in America before.

And as he sat there, and caught his form, again and again reflected in the tall pier mirrors, he thought how very shabby was the home of Elinor Gregg, and how utterly impossible it was for him to marry a poor farmer's daughter.

"No, no, I could never sacrifice myself in that way," he said, rising and walking to one of the windows.

The street was bright with summer sunlight, and there was a group of daintily-clad children upon the opposite sidewalk listening to a pair of ragged boys playing "Home, Sweet Home," on a pair of dirty-looking violins.

The sad, sweet music touched the children's hearts, and, although they had been romping before the arrival of the musicians, not a word was spoken until the last notes died away. The little minstrels did not pass around the hat as usual when they had finished playing; they saw there was no use in doing that, and, putting their instruments carefully away in diminutive green bags, they were about to start down the street when their attention was attracted by Chauncey Watterson tapping on the window behind which he stood.

The oldest of the two—a bright, dark-eyed boy of eight or thereabouts—was the first to notice the call.

"Romney, we're called by that 'ere gentleman in the window."

The child addressed was a pale, sickly little fellow. He never spoke a word in reply, but followed his brother across the street silently.

"Play something, my little fellows," said Chauncey, casting them a silver dime.

The eldest picked up the coin, that had rolled jinglingly around the pavement, and passed it to his brother.

"Here, Romney," he said, "take charge." The little fellow took the money, placed it in a little bag which he had strung around his neck, and then the musical mendicants broke out into a plaintive Italian air, singing in a spirited manner the words in English.

While they were singing, Grace Alward stole into the room on tiptoe, and tapped Chauncey playfully upon the shoulder.

He turned quickly, glanced down into her beautiful blue eyes, over the ripples of her golden hair, and, bending low, kissed her cheek.

"Is this your concert?" she said, laughingly.

"Yes, I'm an impresario for the first time," he answered, taking her hands in one of his, and leading her away from the window.

The young musicians played four or five airs unheeded; then packed their violins away and strolled down the street in quest of custom.

"Romney, trade is a little dull to-day, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"What do you say if we count our earnings?"

"Well, I don't care," said Romney, taking the bag from about his neck.

"Where will we sit, Van?"

"Why, here on these steps," replied Van. The little fellow glanced upward. They were standing in front of a large Gothic church, the spire of which towered over the doorway two hundred feet, surmounted at last by a glittering finger, which little Romney thought was touching the sky itself.

"Don't let's sit here, Van," he said, turning to the big boy. "That spire is a-comin' down on our heads."

"No, it ain't," replied Van, laughing; "I used to think it was a-comin' over, too, but it's just the clouds as is a-goin' that other way."

Little Romney opened his large dark eyes and bit his nether lip, and, without speaking of the surprise that was in him, he followed Van up the steps, and emptied his money-bag on the cold door-step.

They counted it over very carefully. There were a good many large pennies, three five-cent pieces, and one shining silver dime.

"That was a lucky haul, Romney, old boy," said Van, lifting up the dime and rattling it on the stone.

"Yes," Romney meekly answered; "very good."

"It will buy Ma tea anyway," said Van, "an' we'll have a mess when we go home. Won't we?"

"Yes," Romney answered. "But it's cold here, Van; let's go home now."

Van shook his head decidedly and said: "Tell you what we'll do, Romney."

"Well?"

"We'll go down Broadway to the levee. The mail-boat for Louisville will be goin' out 'bout this time. What ye say?"

The pale, fragile little Romney simply said, "Well," and, with a sigh, he picked up his little violin and the lads trudged down the street together and were soon lost in the crowd and bustle.

CHAPTER VII. THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

ON the night succeeding Elinor Gregg's arrival at Walnut Grove she sat up in bed, nervously awaiting the coming of Chauncey Watterson. The house was very still. The clock on the mantle seemed to be ticking drowsily, as if the pendulum was weary of its monotonous labors, while without the night-wind moaned drearily, and the trees sighed, as if sentient.

Presently there was a light footfall in the corridor; then the door-knob turned, and Chauncey Watterson, his person enveloped in a huge cloak, stole into the room.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked, his voice trembling with excitement.

"I don't know. I'm afraid, Chauncey, this is going to kill me."

"And you won't go, then?"

"I did not say that," she said. "I am willing to go, but my ability to do so was what I spoke of."

"Here," he said, taking up a huge robe which during the day he had carried there; "I'll wrap this about you. It will keep the air from you until you reach the carriage."

"But the baby, Chauncey—what about the baby?"

"I have a friend here who will carry her, dearest."

Saying this, he took Elinor up in his arms, and bore her from the apartment.

She was not heavy—at least he thought her extremely light, and when he had passed the hall-door and could see the stars, he started on a run across the lawn to the roadway, where he placed her in a close carriage already half-filled with blankets and pillows.

"Where are you, Blaisley?" he asked, looking around in the darkness.

"Here I am, sir," replied the individual named; "and I've got the young kid, too. Where shall I put it?"

"Give it to me," said Blaisley, and Chauncey took the little one tenderly in his arms and placed it on its mother's lap.

"How do you feel, dear?" he asked, putting his hand on Elinor's cold face.

There was no response, and Chauncey exclaimed, in alarm:

"My God, Blaisley, I am afraid the girl is dead."

"You don't say so," replied Blaisley. "If she is, we are in a box, that's all."

"Hush—hush!" she moved, said Chauncey. "No, she is not dead. She has only fainted. Have you a drop of liquor about you?"

"Always carry it," returned Blaisley, producing a small flask which he handed to Chauncey. "Here!"

"Now, Blaisley, get up and drive as rapidly as you can, and I'll look after these folks."

Chauncey stepped into the carriage, and Blaisley mounted the box, and soon the vehicle was dashing along the lonely road, at a fearful rate.

An hour of rapid driving and the foot of Fifth street was reached.

At the time of which we write it was not densely populated as now, and indeed, may be said to have been outside the city altogether. There were no lamp-posts west of John street, and neither ferry nor bridge to Covington, unless we call a skiff which made semi-occasional trips across the broad Ohio by that name.

Just below where Fifth street now terminates, the carriage stopped, and Blaisley scrambled down from the box and put his head in at the door.

"Will I go forward and see how things are?" asked Blaisley.

"Yes; you had better; but, hurry up. The girl has fainted again."

Blaisley closed the door softly, and walked rapidly along the bank of the river until he caught sight of a light glinting through the darkness and fog.

Then he returned to the carriage, remounted his perch, and drove toward the rickety old frame from which the light gleamed. It had once been a suburban residence, but that must have been many years before, for the paint had dried into the weather-boarding, and the shutters hung all awry and creaked dismally as the night wind swung them to and fro. There had formerly been a flower-garden, and a stretch of lawn sweeping down to the margin of the rushing river, but now, there were only scrubs, and roots, and brambles, through which ran a path, like a yellow ribbon, to the water's edge.

Through this old garden, Chauncey carried Elinor Gregg, as if she was only a child. He was followed closely by Ned Blaisley with the baby in his arms.

When the wide, uncarpeted hall was reached, Blaisley shouted:

"Meg, show us a light—show us a light, will you?"

There was a noise as if made by the opening and closing of a creaking door, and then, on the stairs, appeared an old crone of sixty or thereabouts, with an inclosed lamp in her hand.

"Hold the light up so as a fellow can see his finger before him," shouted Blaisley.

The woman did as directed, and Chauncey staggered up the bare stairs with his burden still in his arms.

"This way, please," said the old woman, crossing the upper hall and pushing open a door which led into a rather neat chamber, where a large drift-wood fire roared and crackled. "I've got things as comfortable as I could on such short notice," continued the old hag, as she saw Chauncey glance around the room.

"You're done very well," replied Chauncey, laying the half-unconscious Elinor upon the bed. "This girl, however, needs attention, as does the baby there. Some hot drinks, I think, would be well enough, and—"

"Never mind that; Meg Tudor understands her business," interrupted the old woman, "an' she'll fix 'em all up in a few minutes."

"Then, while you are doing so, Blaisley and I will walk into the next room and settle a bit of private business."

"Very well. Just make yourselves at home, gentlemen," said the old crone, as she hobbled about the room, preparing a drink for Elinor.

The two men withdrew to an adjoining apartment, which had neither carpet upon the floor nor curtains on the windows, and was, indeed, all in all, a very cheerless, desolate-looking room.

"This is Meg's ante-room," said Blaisley, laughing. "It ain't fitted up very like a royal habitation, and yet, the old witch claims to be one of the English Tudors."

"She's an old fool," replied Chauncey, leaning against the rude mantelpiece and looking into the fire.

"But, she's handy," put in Blaisley, "devilish handy. Fact is, Cincinnati couldn't do very well without her, and you ought to be very much obliged to her for helping you in this scrape."

"Don't I pay her?" and Chauncey turned angrily upon his companion. "Besides, she is in possession of my secret, and I don't feel as safe as I'd like to, by a good deal."

"Well, now, I don't think you've any cause to fear," replied Blaisley, drawing his words. "Meg ain't all bad. She takes this girl, and nurses her, and gives her some precious good advice, and maybe, by doing this, saves the gal's life."

"Blaisley, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes, you do."

"Well, then, I mean that this here gal is an ugly thing on your hands. You are rich and respectable; she is poor, and may have been honest before you met her. It won't do to marry her anyhow, and Meg will save you from going to extremes, you see."

The two men looked into each other's face, and Chauncey would like to have been able to throttle his gigantic companion, but he was not able, and so he stifled his wrath as best he could, and simply said:

"Blaisley, here is your money," handing him a well-filled wallet; "and now we are quits—eh?"

"Until you need me again, I suppose."

"Yes, it's a bargain."

The two men shook hands, and just at that moment, Meg hobbled in.

"She's all right now, and so is the little one," she said, rubbing her yellow, wrinkled hands together. "They're sleeping in each other's arms, as nicely as a pair of pigeons."

"I'll not disturb them," said Chauncey. "Tell Elinor when she awakes, that I will be here to see her to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her."

"Here is some money for you."

The yellow palm was outstretched in a minute, and the weak, reddish eyes were glittering with eager expectancy as she clutched the roll of money Chauncey gave to her.

"You must take good care of her."

"Yes, sir; you can depend upon me for that."

"Let her want for nothing. Remember, I'll pay for every thing."

"That's the way I like to hear men talk," croaked the hag. "Good-night, gentlemen."

The two men passed into the dark hall and were groping their way along, when old Meg appeared at the head of the stairs, holding her lamp over her gray head.

"You can see now," she asked.

"Yes, thank ye, Meg," said Blaisley. "That will do."

The old woman bid the two men good-night once more, and then turned away to count the money she had just received.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL. A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII. THE BANKER'S VICTIM.

ON the afternoon of this day, the events of the night of which we have given in the preceding chapter, Arthur Ames sat in his parlor. The windows were up, and the grateful breeze fluttered and rustled the loosely-hanging lace curtains, as it crept gently in.

A chuckle broke from his lips—a triumphant, satisfied chuckle—as he muttered:

"Not so bad! not so bad! I'll have my cool hundred and fifty thousand, anyway; more too, if Minerva consents to be the wife of Malcolm Arlington. He loves her madly. All the better for me. Ha! ha! Malcolm Arlington has much money and no kin! 'Twill be mine some day, or Minerva's—the same thing. She shall consent. I'll not give her a minute's rest. Then, if worse comes to worst, I'll convert my property into gold and fly! I fear something—something which I can not define. What, indeed, if the water has given up—Pshaw! No! No! But, should it! Then Black Phil would, in comparison with me, be a free man. I'll see the old woman, who pretends to read the future. Some day she will tell what has happened in the past, and what is to come to pass. Marvelous tales are told of old Mother Moll. I have not forgotten about Abbott Johnson's money; I'll cross her hand with gold—rich, bright gold. And she shall unlock to me—"

He did not finish the sentence; for at that moment the bell jingled.

Arthur Ames glanced at his watch. It was a strange and unfashionable hour for callers. Who could this be?

The parlor door opened, and the servant girl entered, bearing a card. Arthur Ames glanced at it, and an angry expression, spiced with fear, crept into his face.

"Show the gentleman in," he said, abruptly, to the domestic.

"Confound him! He is in earnest, but the matter," he continued, as the girl withdrew.

In a moment, the tall, elegantly-clad form of Malcolm Arlington darkened the door.

He paused for a moment, and then, with a low bow and a half-mocking smile, entered the room.

"I am fatigued, Mr. Ames," he said; "and as you fail to invite me to be seated, pray excuse me for taking that liberty."

These words were spoken in an easy, off-hand tone, as the gentleman sunk complacently into a chair.

"Pardon me, Arlington. I am glad to see you; and your—"

He paused, as, looking up, he saw the keen eyes of the iron-gray man fastened upon him.

"I understand you, Arthur Ames," said the visitor, half sternly. "You would know my business. My dear sir, you are aware that bank hours are over. We are partners, too, and in view of recent occurrences, it seems to me that you should be glad to see me. Surely you have not forgotten that I am to be your son-in-law."

This time, the mocking smile did not lift the iron-gray mustache over Malcolm Arlington's lip, nor did his words speak aught but seriousness.

Arthur Ames cast a covert glance at his visitor. But he was an adept in concealing his emotions. He smiled blandly, as he said:

"Glad to see you, Arlington; but you startled me somewhat, for I was not expecting you. Will you smoke?" and he half-arose as he spoke.

"Thank you, no," and Arlington's voice was serious and calm. "I came on business. I never smoke unless all care is removed from me. Besides that, the fumes of tobacco might not be pleasant to the delicate senses of your daughter, and—Is she well?"

"Well, thank you; she received your note duly."

"Yes; just twenty-four hours ago. I have received no reply, Mr. Ames, and am here now to inquire into the matter."

This was business indeed!

"You see, Arthur Ames," he continued, and his voice was stern and distinct, "in business, I am business; nothing more nor less. Our business of two nights since, was serious; it should not be so soon forgotten. Your copy of the agreement should keep the transaction well in mind."

"I spoke to Minerva," said the old man, in a low voice, "and told her of my obligations to you. She did—"

"I hope you did not tell her the whole truth," hastily interrupted Malcolm Arlington.

"Oh, no! I told her a tale of my own making, and—"

"Good! for I would not have my future wife to know that she has such a knave for a father! Nay, do not frown at me; I am speaking the truth. If you doubt it, we'll annul the agreement, and I will submit the facts in my possession to an impartial jury—the public. What say you?"

"There, there, Arlington, do not speak in that manner. I am guilty I know. I am dependent on you for—"

Just then a noise was heard in the small back room adjoining the parlor.

Old Ames looked hastily in that direction; then springing to his feet, he ran to the door, flung it open, and gazed into the little room.

He caught sight of the skirt of a female dress disappearing through a side door into the hall.

He rushed out, and closed the door.

He returned, and said to his visitor:

"That you have kept your word, and that you can command me, my silence, and my purse," was the enthusiastic reply.

"I am pleased then, and—"

"Pardon me, I must hurry home, Mr. Ames. I'll take the dear girl at her word, I'll be here about half-past nine. Good-by."

And with a proud smile of victory upon his lips, and fires of enthusiasm glancing in his eyes, Malcolm Arlington grasped the old man's hand. Then, striding softly to the front door, he opened it and left the house.

The lamps were being lit in the streets of Lawrence, and the grateful breezes of evening flung the sand about hither and thither.

Old Arthur Ames stood in his bed-chamber. He was robed in a singular attire, a rough-looking garb, and he held in his hand a large, wide-brimmed wood hat.

CHAPTER XIX. THE RAVES-DROPPER.

SUMMONING every effort, Arthur Ames controlled himself and returned to his seat.

"The wind flurried in through the window," he said; "that was all."

Malcolm Arlington looked at him keenly, but he said nothing.

Several moments elapsed in silence. But the iron-gray man had come on business; he glanced at his watch, and said:

"Telling to an answer, I have come, Mr. Ames, to see you about it. I have a plan of my own. I want to hear from your daughter's lips, that she will accept me as her suitor. I do not wish her to tell me so, for I honestly love her—love her more than I do my soul's salvation, and I would woo and win—I would prove to her that, though I am rough and pointed in my speech, a thorough man of business, yet, that I have a tender, warm and loving heart, which, in return for her love, I can give her."

He paused. His words had grown hot, and a generous glow had come to his smooth-shaven cheeks.

Old Ames looked at him, as if expecting him to proceed.

"Now, place me somewhere so that I can hear and not be seen; then send for Minerva and have an interview with her. In the conversation, bring about the point I desire."

"I hate to do a thing of this sort, Mr. Arlington," said old Ames, after a brief pause. "I may be a bad man, but I am that girl's father, and it looks like putting a spy on her actions."

"I admire you for those words, Ames," Arlington said; "but trust to my honor in this case. Remember, I love Minerva not less than you do."

"It shall be as you wish, sir. Retire to that room; there you can hear all."

Without a word, Malcolm Arlington arose and withdrew to the apartment to which we have referred.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Ames struck a hand-bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell Miss Ames that I wish to speak with her."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments, Minerva entered the room. Her face was flushed and her hands were nervous and unsteady, as she arranged the folds of her hair. She glanced hurriedly around her; she evidently expected to see some one.

"Why, father, where is Malcolm Ar—Mr. Arlington?"

"Mr. Arlington? How knew you he was here?" and the old man scanned her face closely.

"I saw him from my window. He came this way; then I heard the bell jingle."

She spoke innocently; but, what was strange for her, she cast her eyes down.

"Mr. Arlington was here, my child, but he has gone, and he watched her covertly."

"Gone! Strange that I did not hear the door, and—did he ask for me?" and she looked straight at her father.

"He asked kindly after you, Minerva, but did not express a wish to see you. He said he would call this evening, you remember, and—"

"This evening! Oh! I had forgotten!" and the girl started, as an anxious shade came to her face.

"What disturbs you, my child? You know that Mr. Arlington notified you he would call this evening."

Old Ames' voice was lower and more subdued.

"I know, father; but I will be busy till half-past nine, and I would see Mr. Arlington as became him as my future lover."

"That hour will suit him," said Mr. Ames, in a loud, quick tone; "and so, Minerva, you have concluded to make your old father happy; you have concluded to accept Mr. Arlington! Heaven bless you, my child! Mr. Arlington is a noble gentleman, and—"

"Yes, father, he is, I know, in every way worthy of me, and—for the sake of both of us, I hope I can learn to love him."

"Thanks! thanks, my child! Again may heaven bless you, and—"

"But, father, why did you send for me?"

The question was sudden it took old Ames by surprise. He stammered; his face reddened. But a bright look came to his eyes as a sudden memory flashed over him.

"I sent for you to say, my child, that I would be absent this evening, perhaps, until a late hour of the night, and that you need not be uneasy about—"

"Why, father, interrupted the girl, "Mr. Arlington is to come, you know. What will he think, and how will it look—"

"Pshaw! my daughter, Malcolm Arlington is a gentleman. Then, as it may be late before he comes, I may see him."

"Very good, father, as you wish."

The girl turned and left the room. Once up-stairs in her chamber, she flung herself upon the bed and burst into tears. The paroxysm lasted only a few moments.

She suddenly sat up.

"This is folly," she muttered, in a half-hissing voice. "I can not avert destiny! The struggle has been severe. I am awakened to the truth. Lorin Gray must go! Had he money, it would be different. But he has not! Unlucky fellow! Malcolm Arlington has money, and he has position. I will learn to love him! The die is cast, and to-night—"

She paused and bent her head low, as she continued:

"Yet, though I can not love Lorin Gray longer, he must love me! I must have his adoration! Then, I'll tell him."

When Minerva had gone from the parlor, old Ames quickly left the room.

"What think you, now, Arlington?" he asked, as a bright smile flashed over his face.

"That you have kept your word, and that you can command me, my silence, and my purse," was the enthusiastic reply.

"I am pleased then, and—"

"Pardon me, I must hurry home, Mr. Ames. I'll take the dear girl at her word, I'll be here about half-past nine. Good-by."

And with a proud smile of victory upon his lips, and fires of enthusiasm glancing in his eyes, Malcolm Arlington grasped the old man's hand. Then, striding softly to the front door, he opened it and left the house.

The lamps were being lit in the streets of Lawrence, and the grateful breezes of evening flung the sand about hither and thither.

Old Arthur Ames stood in his bed-chamber. He was robed in a singular attire, a rough-looking garb, and he held in his hand a large, wide-brimmed wood hat.

He placed the hat on his head, and gazed at himself for a moment in the mirror, above the bureau.

Then he hastily extinguished the light, and, hurrying softly down-stairs, left the house.

At the corner of the adjacent street, directly under a lamp, he came into contact with a tall man. One glance at him, and Arthur Ames hurried on.

The other turned and glanced back at the banker's queerly-clad, retreating figure.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" he said. "That was Mr. Arthur Ames, of the lost night?"

CHAPTER XX. THE DECISION AND THE CHOICE.

AFTER Lorin Gray had received the note that day from the hands of Black Phil, he did not seem like the same man. He went to his work on the fourth floor of the mill as usual, and as usual did not idle. But, there was an abstraction, and an absent-mindedness in his manner that was entirely unusual.

Black Phil all that day had watched him closely, but covertly. There were times, too, when flitting about like a shadow amid the looms, the man's eyes would fairly burn in the face of Lorin Gray, and a shade of anxiety or fear would spring to his brow.

At such times he would shake his head and skulk, muttering, away.

Having obtained permission from the overseer, Lorin Gray left the mill at an earlier hour than usual, and hurried toward his humble lodgings on the canal.

Once in his room, he flung himself into a chair, and bent his eyes moodily upon the floor. This he remained for several moments, musing:

"'Tis unfortunate!" he muttered. "I scarcely know what to do. A letter from her, breathing, however distantly, a love for me! Strange, and yet not strange. I am a man—an honest man. Nature has cast me in a seemingly mold, and made me—not uncommonly. Then, too, I stood between her and certain death that memorable day in the Salem pike. Yet, do I love Minerva Ames? I, an operative in the mills! Can I dare lift my eyes to her? Dare I face the frown of that proud old man, her father, who has intimated to me that my visits to his house were not desired? Proud old man! You were not too proud on that dark afternoon to grasp me by the hand, fling your arms around my neck, and pray God to bless me, for saving to you your daughter, the peerless Minerva! You were not too proud, then, to crush money into my hand, as a whole year's wages in value, and bid me make your house my home! Thank heaven, I would not touch the gold! I was proud, too, Arthur Ames; and I am proud to-day. Now you are cold, and you frown when my coarse boot stamps upon the velvet carpets of your parlor; you frown when I bow before the radiance of your daughter, and take her hand in mine! And why? Bah! Because I have not gold, because I am an humble workman. Alas! My honesty, my industry, my perseverance, my devotion to my old mother—she is such to me—my muscle and sinew, count nothing in your eyes, Arthur Ames! Well, well!"

He paused for a moment and turned toward the open window of his little room, looking out on the dark canal. But he faced about again, suddenly, for the door was opened and a little boy entered.

"Is this Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy; what do you wish?"

"I have a letter for you, sir; here it is."

Placing the missive in the millman's hand, the little fellow turned and left the room.

Wonderingly, Lorin Gray took the letter. He glanced at the superscription. He started, confusedly, as the well-known handwriting met his gaze.

"Bessie! From her! Ah! I had forgotten. What has induced her to write?"

He opened the letter; another fell from inside to the floor. He picked it up. It, too, was directed to him, but in a handwriting with which he was not familiar. It was sealed with wax.

First, Lorin Gray spread open the little folded sheet, and read thus:

"DEAR LORIN—I send in this envelope another letter. On looking to-day through my father's desk, I found this letter, bearing your address. I don't know when it was written. I have not opened it. But, thinking it might contain something of importance to you, I send it. It is directed in my father's handwriting. Do not forget to come to-night, for, as I am so lonely, may heaven always bless you, is the prayer of Bessie Raynor."

For several moments Lorin Gray held the letter, mechanically, in his hand. He said:

"Yes," he muttered; "I had not forgotten her—poor Bessie. But, this other letter: I'll see what it is."

He tore open the envelope, drew out the sheet, and read as follows:

"LORIN GRAY:—"

"Dear Lorin—Something may happen to me some day. I feel it. I am getting old, and in the ordinary course of nature, my old hulk must soon go down beneath the waters of life. I am anxious about my children, particularly Bessie and Ross; Ralph is strong-limbed and clear-headed. Besides, he is a good sailor. I don't fear for him; he can get along. But, dear Lorin, I am very anxious about Bessie. She is a young girl, weak, frail, helpless, and surrounded by wickedness. I have blamed myself for keeping her in the mill; but I had my reasons. However, when I am dead and gone, be the time near or far off, on searching through an old chest of mine in the house in which I live, enough will be found to keep my children, in future, out of the mill, and living comfortably."

"Another thing, Lorin: though an old, gray-headed man, Arthur Ames has shown a liking for my Bessie, a mere child, as you know. He may be honest, and he may be dishonest. Taking his surroundings into consideration, I believe the latter. I don't like the man. Twenty years ago, some queer things happened, in which this old man played a part. 'Twas a long time ago, and the matter is forgotten. But I distrust him. Keep your eye on him, Lorin, and guard my child and her honor. I can trust you, for I have seen you tried."

"One more point; Bessie, though a child, is old enough to love. She does love a man. You are the man. I know it. I have thought that you loved her, and the thought gladdened my heart. If I am right, Lorin, you have my consent and blessing. But wait awhile, till the girl has grown into a woman, and knows her mind. Remember my words, and may God help you to keep them sacred. Your friend, SILAS RAYNOR."

This letter was dated just a month prior to the opening of our story.

and *Overland Kit*. Don't start, read this letter and you'll know where he is."

As he uttered these words rapidly, he thrust an envelope into Bessie's hand.

The girl took it mechanically, glanced at it, and, leaving the door open, spread out the sheet.

Her eyes flashed rapidly over the written words; and a low groan escaped her lips as she read, in a wailing tone:

"DEAR MR. GRAY—I must see you to-night. Matters of importance, perhaps. I can not think the brave man, who once stood between me and danger, will refuse to come at the bidding of one who holds him in sweet and grateful remembrance. Come, and at an early hour."

Bessie dropped the letter, and reeled away to the mantel for support. She heeded not the presence of the dead in which she stood, and she heeded not the man who had brought the letter.

The shaft had struck her. She knew now where Lirin Gray was, and why he had failed to keep his promise with her.

"Oh, Phil! say this letter is your own making, and I—"

"My making! That's very likely! Bah! you know better. Come with me, Bessie, Raynor, and I'll show you a sight which will cure you of your love for this double-faced fellow! Come, I'll protect you."

She glanced at him. Her face was a theater of struggling emotions. She thought of the lonely house, of the chest which was to prove so valuable, of poor Ross, and his uneasy slumbers; she thought, too, of the stark, cold corpse!

But, love and jealousy were warring a fierce battle in her bosom. She would know the worst!

"I'll go, Phil! I'll go, though I die by the act!" she said. "Wait a moment. Poor Ross! I must look after him."

While these words, she turned at once, and hurried softly upstairs.

A glance at the calm, marble-like, innocent face, so spectral, so pallid, told her that the invalid slept.

A moment, and she crept softly downstairs again. Throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, she extended her arm to Phil, and said:

"Come, I'll trust you; let us go."

Phil closed the door, and with the frail girl hanging on his arm, he walked away.

Fifteen minutes from that time, two silent figures stood by the open window of the Ames' mansion—one a man, the other a woman.

Suddenly the latter, as she gazed with bated breath into the elegant, brilliantly-lit apartment, uttered a long, wailing shriek, and sunk to the cold pavement.

She had seen something through the open casement.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

Overland Kit: THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FLY-LEAF AGAIN.

For a second only the dark figure, crouching beneath the stairs, kept the revolver at its poise, then the calmer second thought stayed the murderous hand. He dropped the muzzle of the pistol toward the floor, and again eagerly bent forward to listen.

Unconscious of his danger, unconscious that a foe's hand had been raised to deal him the death stroke, Talbot gazed with a glance of tenderness into the little brown face, whose eyes looked so lovingly into his own.

Gently he kissed the low, sweet forehead, the blushing cheeks and the golden fringed eyelids.

"You are willing to risk all, then?" he said, "willing to give yourself up to my charge, forever and forever?"

"Yes," she replied, lowly, softly, dreamily, she was in a heaven of happiness. The hour of bliss, for which she had prayed so long and so hopelessly, had come at last. The sense of joy which thrilled through her being seemed to take away her breath; she was faint with happiness.

"In spite of all that I have said, you love me?" Talbot asked, slowly. "My past life may be stained with crime; my present life may be stained with crime; but I can't say any too good, in fact, couldn't be much worse, yet you love me, angel that you are!"

"Oh, Dick, I am but a poor, weak girl, strong only in love," Jinnie replied, nestling her head, coyly, on his breast.

"You are playing a desperate game, Jinnie, to stake a priceless love like yours against the weak, wavering passion that has to struggle for its existence in my heart."

"I don't fear a bit, Dick," she answered, earnestly. "I know that you would not ask me to be your wife if you did not love me a little; and you are too fair, too generous for that; and if you do love me a little, I shall give you so much love in return that you will not be able to help loving me a great deal, even if you tried, not to, and I know that you won't do that."

Perfect faith shone in the clear eyes of the girl as she uttered the simple speech.

"No, Jinnie, you're right," Talbot said, quickly. "I shall try to love you with all my heart. It can't be possible that I shall fall, for a passion, as pure, and strong as yours must meet with its reward. From this time forth you are the only woman in the world that I shall think of; I will forget that any other woman lives."

A quick, joyous flush came over Jinnie's face; never before had she heard words that seemed so sweet to her ears. A long-drawn breath came from between her scarlet lips; her heart was too full for words.

"By the by, Jinnie," said Talbot, suddenly, "you remember the night that Judge Jones arrested me?"

"Yes."

"Something happened then that has puzzled me a little; I meant to have spoken to you about it before, but forgot it."

"What is it?"

"Why, about that Bible; what reason had you for tearing the fly-leaf out of it?"

A half-smile came over the girl's face, and a soft, sly light shone in her eyes.

"There was something written on the leaf that I didn't want anybody to see," she said, slowly.

"Something written on the leaf?" he questioned, in astonishment.

"Yes, something that I wrote there."

"What was it, Jinnie?"

The girl drew the crumpled leaf from its

warm hiding-place close to her heart; but, as she placed it in Dick's hand, she hesitated, still retained her grasp upon the paper, and looked up, shyly, into his face.

"I suppose you'll think that I'm real silly, but I couldn't help it, Dick. If you hadn't asked me to be your wife, I should never have shown it to you."

"If your love for me prompted your hand when you wrote, I shall not be apt to think that it is silly," Talbot replied, smiling.

"Look, then."

Jinnie relinquished her grasp on the crumpled bit of paper and again nestled her head down on Talbot's breast.

Dick smoothed out the crumpled leaf, and, by the aid of the moonbeams, examined it.

On the leaf were two written lines; two names; one traced beneath the other. A smile came over Dick's face as his eyes rested on the lines. The two names were:

"Jinnie Johnson."

"Jinnie Talbot."

The girl had coupled her name with that of the man she loved.

"You poor girl!" cried Talbot, quickly and earnestly. "I am not worthy such a love as yours, but for your sake I'll try to be. If heaven will only help me, in time I may be able to love you as you ought to be loved."

Jinnie returned the precious paper to its former hiding-place.

"I should have felt so mean if Judge Jones had seen that," she said.

A thoughtful expression came over Talbot's face. An idea had come to him.

"Jinnie," he said, abruptly, "can you tell why Judge Jones hates me?"

"I—I think I can," the girl answered, a little confused.

"Has the Judge ever professed any love for you?" Talbot asked, guessing at the truth from the look upon the girl's face.

"Yes."

"I thought so!" Dick exclaimed. "And you told him that you could not care for him?"

"Yes," Jinnie again replied.

"And he guessed that you cared for somebody else—for me?"

"Yes; he said that he could guess who it was that backed me up in the Eldorado."

"He meant me, I suppose?"

"I felt sure that he did; it was real hard for me. I hadn't any idea that he cared anything for me, and it took me by surprise."

"Now I understand why the Judge hates me," Talbot said, thoughtfully. "I am in his way, and he has tried his best to get me out of it. The Judge and I will have to have a settlement one of these days, I'm afraid. I've an idea that he's a pretty big scoundrel, in spite of his quiet, smooth way."

"I must go down and close up, Dick; where are you going to stop to-night?"

"Down at the shanty."

"There's room here."

"No, I'll go down there; I came up on purpose to see you. I felt that we ought to have an understanding, and now my mind's easier; good-night."

A half-dozen warm kisses he pressed upon the willing lips, and then took his departure. As the two descended the stairs, they met Tendall coming up, supported by Ginger Bill. Gains was under the influence of liquor as usual.

"How are you, Miss Jinnie?" Gains exclaimed, with a vain attempt to stand up without Bill's assistance, the consequence of which was that he nearly tumbled headlong down the stairway, carrying Bill with him.

"Look-a-here! you're a durned sight wuss'n a mule, you are, you drunken cuss, you!" Bill exclaimed, in anger. "How kin I hold you up, ef you're a-goin' to wobble round this way? You'll fall down an' break that precious neck of yours, an' then we kin all jine in the funeral."

"I guess that somebody would be mighty glad if I broke my neck," Gains stammered, with a thickened tongue. "I reckon that somebody wouldn't pan out to-morrow if I broke my neck to-night. Oh, no! I haven't a gold mine—haven't struck a lead—don't know what 'pay dirt' is; not much, you bet!"

By this time, Gains and Bill had reached the landing, and Talbot and Jinnie had entered the saloon below.

"What in thunder are you talking about, anyway?" asked Bill, steering Tendall through the entry.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?" cried Gains, with a drunken sigh. "You're mighty cute, but I ain't to be pumped; I'm a regular sponge, I am. I know something that's worth a pile of rocks. I'll make another strike to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why."

"Shet up, you mutton-head!" exclaimed Bill, indignantly; "you've got more gab than a she-woman!"

"Bill, I'll stand treat in the morning; I swear I will!" Gains cried.

"Just you go to bed an' sleep off some of the tangest fool you've got on board now, ef you talk about any more 'histing'." And Bill pushed open the door of Gains' room and placed the almost helpless man inside. There was a candle burning on the table. Bill tumbled Tendall over on the bed.

"Are you all right, old hoss?" he asked.

"You bet! set 'em up!" ejaculated Gains, stretching himself out on the little bed.

"Guess I won't blow out the light; he may sober off enough to git up an' undress," Bill remarked, communing with himself, for Gains was already half-asleep.

Bill paused at the door to take a farewell look at his drunken friend. A few days of reckless dissipation had greatly changed Tendall.

"He's got whisky enough on board to run a small-sized grist-mill. Ef he keeps on 'histing', that'll be a famine in the whisky line putty soon round here."

Bill closed the door and proceeded downstairs again.

Hardly had he closed the door below behind him, when a dark form stole cautiously along the passage. Pausing at the head of the stairs, the moonlight shone on the features of the "Heathen Chinee."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

In the saloon, Bill found young Rennet and Dandy Jim.

"How is our friend and backer now?" asked Rennet, referring to Gains.

"Durned as a billed owl," replied Bill, tersely. "I've corralled him in bed, though, an' I s'pose he'll snooze the pison out of him."

"Talk 'bout it!" Why, he kin list more tanglefoot than any other man of his inches in Spur City for rocks, now you bet!"

"Who's my antelope fur a little came of poker?" asked the man-from-Red-Dog, defiantly, drawing out his bag of gold-dust as he spoke.

"I reckon I'll jine in the services," replied Bill.

"If you've got any more money than you know what to do with, I don't mind relieving you of some of it," observed Rennet, carelessly.

"Oh, come fur me, now!" cried the Red-Dog, persuasively. "I'm your meat, I am."

So, without more ado, the three sat down to a table; Dandy Jim produced the "papers," and they "went for" each other lively.

The game continued with varying fortune for an hour or so; then Rennet, growing tired, announced his intention of going to bed, much to the disgust of the man-from-Red-Dog.

"What sort of a cuss are you, anyway?" Jim exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone. "I reckon that when a gent sits down fur to play poker, it's a duty he owes to society fur to keep sot till he's lashed."

"Well, if the cards keep on running as even as they have for the past hour we might play till doomsday and be neither poorer nor richer for it!" Rennet answered.

"Just as fief play till old Gabriel toots his horn as no!" Jim exclaimed.

"You're as contrary as a mule!" Bill cried. "See hyer, I'm six bits ahead of the game, so I'll stand treat. We'll all take a nightcap and turn in. Nominate your p'ison."

With a growl, Jim yielded to the wishes of the others, and consented to be "pisoned," as Bill expressed it. Then Jim bade the two "good-night," and left the saloon.

The Heathen Chinee was not in attendance as usual, but a sharp lad who acted as his assistant.

Rennet and Bill proceeded up-stairs. As they came to the door of Tendall's room, they paused and listened. The candle was still burning within, for they could see its light through the cracks of the door.

"I reckon the durned cuss is asleep," Bill said, after listening for a moment.

"I don't hear any thing," Rennet observed.

"Nary a snore; he's in the arms of Murphy, as Paddywhack Doolin would say," Bill said, with a grin.

Hardly had the words left the lips of the stage-driver when a sound came from the room occupied by the drunken man, which caused the two in the entry to stare at each other in blank astonishment. The candle that Bill carried in his hand shook, and the flame wavered on the air as though agitated by a sudden gust of wind.

"What the dence was that?" exclaimed Rennet, in astonishment.

"Durned ef it didn't sound like a groan," said Bill, softly.

"Yes it did."

"I reckon it made me shake, jest a bit; it come so sudden-like; took a feller clear under the ear and 'histed him off his pins; I s'pose he's having bad dreams."

"Haden't we better go in and see if we can do any thing for him?"

"I reckon not; he's only a'avortin' at a lottle in his sleep; that's all. He'll be all right in the morning," Bill answered.

"Well, now, it sounded to me just as if the man was in deadly pain," Rennet said, a strange apprehension of evil coming over his soul.

"It is kinder skeery fur to hear a sound like that in the night, you know; I reckon that a man who wouldn't be afeard to face a dozen Indians single-handed in the daylight, would run like the mischief from a thing that he thought was a spook, at night."

"Your head's level there, Bill; but we're standing here like a couple of children; shall we go in or not?"

"Ef I thought that critter wasn't all right—I guess on the hull, that we had better go one eye on him, anyway."

Go ahead!"

But as Bill placed his hand on the door-knob, there came from the room within a low, hollow moan; a cry so full of human anguish that it palped the cheeks of the two strong men and filled their hearts with terror.

"Did you hear that?" questioned Bill, nervously, pausing, with his hand on the door-knob.

"Yes; it sounded like a death moan," replied Rennet, unconsciously lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Durned ef I ain't afeard to open the door, I don't know what I'm afeard of either."

"He's only growning in his sleep; that's all," Rennet said, reassuringly; yet, in his own heart, he felt a fear for which he could not account.

"Hyer goes, anyway!" exclaimed Bill, decidedly. And with the word, he opened the door and entered the little room, Rennet following close behind.

A single look the two men gave at the motionless form that lay upon the bed, and then a smothered cry of horror burst from their lips.

A terrible sight indeed they looked upon. Gains Tendall lay upon his back in the bed, his coat off, and his shirt-front stained with blood, that welled from a dozen stabs in his breast. The truth flashed upon the two white-faced men at once; Gains Tendall had been murdered!

"This is awful!" Bill exclaimed, solemnly.

Rennet did not reply, but stepped forward and examined the body. Not one, but a dozen, stabs let out the red life-blood. It was plain the victim had been surprised in his drunken slumber, and had been struck without giving him a chance for his life.

"Is he gone up?" questioned the stage-driver, anxiously.

"Yes, he's dead," Rennet replied, convinced at a single glance that such was the case. Who could have committed this blood-deed?

"We need the Vigilantes round hyer, right sharp, I reckon," Bill said, earnestly.

"We had better give the alarm at once; we may be able to discover the murderer!" Rennet exclaimed, moving toward the door.

"Say, I'll go with you; I wouldn't stay hyer alone for a heap of gold-dust!" Bill cried, quickly, and following Rennet as he spoke.

The two went out into the entry and closed the door carefully behind them. Then, reckless men as they were, there was something terrible, even to them, in the cold, silent, blood-stained form of the murdered man.

As the two passed along the entry, they saw the glimmer of a light through the crack of a door.

"Hold on!" said Bill, in a whisper; "this is Miss Jinnie's room. Haden't we better tell her all about the affair? She ain't gone to bed yet, 'cos the light's burning."

"Yes, I think that you had better tell her," Rennet replied.

Bill knocked on the panel, but, as the door was not latched, the motion forced it open. For the second time that night, the two men beheld a strange sight.

In the center of the room, her face pale as the face of the dead, stood Jinnie. In her hand she clasped a Bowie-knife, the blade clothed with gore; the front of her dress was stained with blood, also.

For a moment, Jinnie looked at the two intruders with staring eyes, and they gazed at her with speechless horror.

Jinnie was the first to recover her speech. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Tendall has been murdered!" Bill blurted out, never thinking what the effect of his words would be.

With a cry of horror, Jinnie dropped the Bowie-knife, and shrunk back in terror.

"Oh! that was the weapon that killed him!" she cried.

The same thought had occurred to both Bill and Rennet when they beheld the bloody weapon in the hand of the girl; but, Rennet's mind had not stopped there. Quick as the electric flash, he had guessed who had struck the blows that had robbed Tendall of his life, and the motive for the deed. A certain mysterious speech of the murdered man had come back to his mind, and that speech suggested a reason why Tendall's death would be advantageous to some one.

Rennet stepped forward and picked up the knife.

"I will take charge of this," he said; "it may lead to the discovery of the murderer."

"I thought that it was a joke—that some one was trying to frighten me, when I found the knife stained with blood on my table. I did not dream that it was human blood; and see, it is all over my dress and hands!" With a convulsive sob, Jinnie sunk into a chair, completely overcome.

Young Rennet cast a searching glance into her face, a peculiar look in his eyes.

"Bill, run for Judge Jones," he said; "we must look into this matter at once."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEHIND THE BOWLER.

The first gray light of early morning shone down on canyon, plain and river. The somber pines nodded gently in the mountain breeze.

A little party of four rode along by the side of the Reese, heading northward. The four were, Billy Brown, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, Patsy Doolin, and two bearded miners, known respectively as Dave Reed and Missouri Johnny.

The party were returning from Spur City, having taken part in the trial, and now were on their way to Gopher Gulley.

They were riding along quite slowly, for, to tell the truth, their seats in the saddles were rather uncertain; they had been up all night long celebrating Injun Dick's acquittal, and the power of the Spur City whiskey was potent in the extreme.

The cool mountain breeze was very welcome indeed to their fevered foreheads as they rode onward.

The conversation between the four turned naturally upon the trial at which they had just assisted.

"I reckon the Judge must be a little cracked, for to think, even for a minute, that Dick Talbot was Overland Kit," Brown said, reflectively.

"Shure 'twas all the fault of that black-lookin' devil that swore agin him," replied Doolin, referring to Joe Rain.

"Yes, an' a nice-lookin' cuss he was for to get up an' swear agin sich a man as Talbot!" cried Dave Reed, in contempt.

"I wonder what became of him after the trial? He got out of the way, lively, I reckon," Missouri Johnny observed.

"Best thing for him to do," Brown replied. "Ef Talbot went fur him, he'd come out wuss'n a antelope with a lot of Digger Indians. Why, Dick wouldn't leave hide nor hair on him, the p'isoned serpent!"

"After the trial, he thought it time he wasn't there, begorra!" Patsy exclaimed, with a grin.

"He lit out right smart, I reckon," Reed said. "I had 'bout made up my mind to 'climb' him myself, jest to show my respect to my old pard, Dick; but, when I went to look for him, he had 'levanted'."

"Vascesed the ranche, eh?" Brown observed, with a laugh.

"Asquated, by thunder!" Reed replied.

"Why, any fool might have knowed that Dick couldn't be Overland Kit; it's a clean impossibility. But the Judge got the idea into his head, an' you couldn't move him a mite. He's jest like one of these hyer rocks; when he gets sot, he's sot fur good, an' it would take an' aithquake fur to move him."

"That's so," chimed in Missouri Johnny; "but the Judge is a squar' man, every time."

"Well, who's sayin' any thing agin it?" demanded Reed. "I didn't say that he wasn't squar'; I only said as how he got sot, an' staid sot, too."

"How that old, fat cuss fixed things round," suddenly exclaimed Brown, in evident admiration. "I reckon, now, he knows law for all it's worth. The old cuss didn't look like 'ray-dirt,' but he 'panned out' fast-ate. Why, he jest twisted them 'ar witnesses round like a mite. He proved, jest as clear an' altho as I ever seed, an' with the very identical witnesses, that were brought forward to convict the prisoner! He didn't bring up any witness on Dick's side, an' I come down from the Gulley on purpose to testify."

"What did they want you for?" Reed asked.

"To prove the time that Dick came into my saloon last night, you know."

"How could you swear 'bout the time?"

"Jest as easy as ef it had all been fixed aforehand," Brown replied. "You see, when Dick came into my place, Dandy Jim axed him fur to have a game of poker, an' he said that he couldn't stay long, 'cos he wanted to be back in Spur City by ten; so he jest looked at his watch, an' it was jest eight o'clock. So, you see, I were all primed to swar that Dick came into my shebang at eight o'clock."

"It was durned queer that Overland Kit should risk a ride right through the town, jest as another man was tried for being him, wa'n't it?" Reed said, thoughtfully.

"Well, now, boys, it lies jest hyer," Brown replied, mysteriously. "It's jest as plain 's me as the nose on your face, Missouri—an' anybody knows that's big 'an'

plain 'nough—that Dick knows who this road-agent is, but he's too squar' a man fur to blow on him; so, when he got into this little difficulty, he got some friends fur to carry the news of the square that he was in to Kit; an' the only way that Kit knew fur to git Dick out of the corral, was to ride through the town. In course, any fool could see then that Dick Talbot couldn't be Overland Kit."

"That's so!" exclaimed Reed.

"Begorra! that reminds me of a fourth cousin of mine, one Teddy Flynn; he said he'd never be married 'till he was a widower, an' he never was, d'ye mind?" cried Patsy.

"Well, anybody would know you was a Paddy-whack!" said Brown, dryly.

"An' who the devil said I wasn't?" demanded Patsy, indignantly. "Shure, I'm proud of the ould sod; it wasn't my fault, anyway; they never axed me where I'd be born, bad cess to 'em!"

"Say, sweet William, who do you think this Overland Kit is?" asked Missouri Johnny, abruptly.

"Well, now you have got me where my hat's short," replied Brown. "I kinder reckon, though, that he's some gay Washington galoot who hangs out in 'Austen. I've heerd say that the biggest thieves in the country kinder center that, an' I reckon he's one of the crowd."

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The New Sea Romance

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE."

In the coming issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we give the opening chapters of

The Ocean Girl; OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE."

Old boys and young here have a literary treat.

A sea-rover's life—half smuggler, half buccaneer.

A boy of mysterious parentage, but brave as Nelson.

An Indian ship, with a precious living cargo.

An Admiral of the old heroic type.

The Admiral's daughter, beautiful and brave.

The smuggler Captain and his fearful game.

The smuggler crew, led by a detestable Yankee mate.

All are portrayed with that rare knowledge of the sea which only a true sailor can possess.

And the story, though one succession of startling situations and episodes of breathless moment, is rich in those elements of interest which spring from a brave boy's struggles against the fate bearing him on to a hateful destiny, and the love of a child-woman that is betrayed in heroic devotion.

The admirers of tales of the sea will look in vain for one more replete with what is captivating and stirring than this—another one of that series of star serials which has given the SATURDAY JOURNAL its position as

THE PEERLESS PAPER.

Our Arm-Chair.

Hard on the Poets.—A late number of the N. Y. Tribune thus discourses:

"We have been a good deal amused by the offer of a Georgia newspaper editor, who announces that he will publish 'original poetry' at the low rate of \$9 per line. To comprehend the desperation of this journalist, one must have been a journalist himself, receiving daily dozens of copies of verses, for which he has, were they good, no room in his columns, while most of them are so feebly bad that they are not even entertaining. In the present state of the *Arts Poetica*, let it, once for all, be understood that smooth versification is no proof of genius; and every rhymist should ask himself this question: 'If I do not publish this "poem" what effect will its suppression have upon the age and the world?"

This may seem a little hard on the poets; but, really it is not overshooting the target. We have a cloud of rhymers, but a great scarcity of true poets—plenty of smooth versification and well-turned lines, but a great sparsity of original conception or force of feeling.

Very True.—A correspondent, who is a very close reader and sharp observer, says:

"Overland Kit" is the best story of its kind I ever read; the characters are so naturally handled, and the man from Red Dog, a capital success—an original, in fact, which will find many imitators.

Of course it will. Like Bret Harte and John Hay, Mr. Aiken has created a new school of literature, so fresh, so strong, so quaint, and purely American, that it must make a lasting mark. We greatly rejoice over Mr. Aiken's success, because he wrote for years without any correct appreciation of his merits by editors, leaving it for the SATURDAY JOURNAL to do what had been too long left undone—to stamp him as an author of peculiar and rare excellence. In his experience, Mr. Aiken only parallels the experience of Bret Harte, who wrote for years without any special recognition, and during these years produced some of his best things.

Base Coin.—That the Sunday papers, and those appealing to a corrupt taste, do not have a monopoly of the market for purulent literature, has been made painfully evident by the recent competition between two "respectable" publishing firms, in the publication of a highly-offensive English novel. Had an American author offered either of these publishers such a romance, he would have been sent from the editor's presence with a very big "bug in his ear," and the only warrant the publishers have in reproducing the tainted volume, appears to be in the fact that it is an English author's work.

How the press of the country regard this enterprise of the publishers named, may be inferred from this, one of numerous like notices which have been made of the republication. Says the New York Sun, under the caption of "A Disgraceful Book":

"They (the firms named) share between them the disgrace of republishing the most indecent book that has lately been issued from the press. These rival houses have been engaged in a scramble—it has been a scramble for the infamy of being the foremost in the work of debauching the public morals. Such contests should excite only amazement and indignation; that, under the passport of their reputation, so insidious and corrupting a book should find its way into a hundred thousand households."

Have *fabula doct*, as the pedagogues say, that those seeking for what is best and most pure in our romance literature will find it in the great popular weeklies, of which the

SATURDAY JOURNAL is a type. If the romance referred to had been offered to us, we would not have dared to outrage our reading public by accepting a manuscript (even though it was sandwiched with the bribe of a small fortune in prospect) whose only proper and fit receptacle was the "Day's Doings"—wherein the romance has serially reappeared.

"OUR BLOATED ARISTOCRACY."

EVERY once in a while we take up a newspaper and read an article in regard to the "bloated aristocracy" of our country. The article rings the changes on "grasping monopolies," "the downtrodden poor," "the crushed-into-the-dust mechanic," calls for a "new deal," in fact, proposes to rob Peter to pay Paul.

Now, we confess we always had an idea that the great republic, known to the world as the United States, was a pretty good sort of a place for the laboring man, whether skilled or unskilled—in fact, had an idea that the man who worked for his bread with his hands stood a better chance to earn a decent, comfortable living here than in any other part of the known world.

But, on perusing the article referred to above, we come to the conclusion that, if it be correct, nine-tenths of the people of the United States are worked to death—made slaves of—for the benefit of the other one-tenth.

We read of the "white slaves of New England" toiling ten hours a day for the benefit of selfish corporations.

We suppose the indignant writer, who arms his nimble pen with Jove's thunderbolts, alludes to the mill girls. We are sure that the aforesaid young ladies would feel very badly if they only knew what a terribly hard time they have of it; but they don't seem to be conscious of the fact. They earn from six to nine dollars per week—some skillful hands quite a little increase on the latter sum; pay three to four for board, and have the rest to themselves. And if an ignorant foreigner wants to see a bevy of healthy, buxom girls, smart as steel-traps, and well read in current literature, let him visit any of our New England factory villages, from green-hilled Claremont, in New Hampshire, to quiet, sober Lowell, by the dashing Merrimack.

Who are the bloated aristocracy?

We'll try to answer the question.

Vanderbilt, Stewart, Astor.

These three names occur first to us, as representing, perhaps, the three richest men among us.

How did they make their money?

Vanderbilt was a boatman on Staten Island, made his first money by hard manual labor, then increased it by successful steamboat and railroad speculations.

Stewart, a storekeeper, first in a very small way indeed, but by hard work, using both hands and brains, increased his capital little by little, till he counts his wealth by millions.

Astor, the father, by trading for furs with the Indians; a steady, plodding business man, who accumulated his money, dollar by dollar. The sons, inheriting the father's property and business habits, by investing in real estate and working ten hours a day, steady.

These three great monied men of our "bloated aristocracy" made their money by downright hard work; using their hands as well as their brains.

But, this is all wrong according to the newspaper writer previously referred to. These men had no business to make so much money. It is a crime; they wrong their fellow-citizens by building up great business enterprises, giving employment to thousands.

If their money had come down to them from some noble sire, whose noble great-grandfather was a robber knight, following the lead of a robber king, plundering the people by force of arms to enrich the few, and was paid for his services by good broad acres, it would be all right.

The "divine right of kings" to live at the expense of the people has never been questioned, save by the agitators who form republics.

Upon the whole, the idea of any one man daring to work hard enough to accumulate a million of dollars is perfectly absurd! Let us take him by the throat, fellow-citizens, and force him to divide his wealth with us, who are too lazy, or shiftless, to work and earn money for ourselves. By so doing, we shall encourage enterprise and reward labor. Of course, if we ourselves should ever happen to acquire wealth, we should object to such a process, but that is in the future. For the present we detest the "bloated aristocracy."

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

If you hadn't stuffed that poor child's stomach with unpalatable food, and its poor little brain with so much study it couldn't understand, in order to make a prodigy of it, it might have been alive this day.

If you hadn't snubbed George Plaine, the carpenter, just because he was poor, he wouldn't have gone off to sea and got lost, and you might have been his happy wife at this day, and not have been a slop-shop drudge, toiling for a mere pittance, without even a kind look, or a pleasant "thank you," for your slavery. Don't you think I am right?

If you hadn't circulated malicious reports about some of your neighbors, and almost badgered them out of the town by your innuendoes and backbiting, it might not have been you whom the preacher meant, last Sunday, when he said, a person who never scandalizes another always obeys the golden rule.

If you hadn't visited that bar-room, on your way home to dinner, you wouldn't have felt so hot-headed and scolded your wife, because things were not exactly as you requested them to be. It might have been smiles you were answered with instead of tears. You might have prevented that headache you had, and take it all around, it might have been better for you hadn't known what the taste of the liquor was.

If you had had more charity to your neighbor, and hadn't acted as such a Phari-see toward her, and turned from her when she most needed your help, it might have been granted you to have a less troubled conscience, and more peace of mind than you now enjoy.

If you hadn't been so churlish to the man you thought was poor, because his clothes were not of the newest cut, it might have been a fortune left to you, instead of some body else. But, I wouldn't have you going

around doing these actions just for the sake of a reward.

If you hadn't refused to give your tenants more air and cleaner accommodations, that fever might not have emanated from that quarter and spread abroad, until it attacked your own threshold. When you have followed one by one of your family to the grave, it will be too late to cry, "it might have been prevented."

If you hadn't heaped up your riches and turned a deaf ear to the supplications of the poor and needy, your life might have been a happier one. It might have been blessed with the widow's thanks, and the orphan's gratitude.

If you hadn't refused to take a paper, you wouldn't have fallen into the hands of the sharpers, and been fleeced of your hard-earned savings. It might have been money in your pocket-book, and not a box of saw-dust thrust upon your hands. Do not be in such a hurry to get suddenly rich. If you want wealth, why don't you work for it?

If you hadn't shown so little of a mother's love for your children, and had made their home more attractive than the haunts of dissipation, the fireside more pleasant than the sidewalk, it might have been a far different life they would have led. You wouldn't be always kept in such an agony, for fear of hearing some evil they had committed.

If you hadn't been so careless of your health, and thought more of future comfort and less of present appearance, it might have been the saving of a very heavy doctor's bill.

If you hadn't been so eager to get on shore, before the ferry-boat landed, it might have been better for your clothes, and saved you from an involuntary bath.

If any one finds this applicable to themselves, I'm sure I've no objection to their making an alteration in their conduct.

You'd better start on it now. You know, "delays are dangerous," and that,

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Modern Fashionable Finishing-off School.

I PATD a visit lately to the Finishing-off School of Madame Hila Lutin, and was very well pleased with the workings of that renowned establishment. It is devoted entirely to the education of our daughters, and I am glad to see that nothing is left undone to fit young ladies for the great battle of life, which, thanks to the genius of Madame H., is reduced to a mere skirmish.

I was pleased to hear the recitations of several classes, and they were most enthusiastic admirers, especially those that recited from the following text-books: *Manual of Breach of Promise*; *Philosophy of Bringing a Fellow to Your Feet*; *Shorter Course of Matrimony*; *Elements of Divorces*; *Flirtation Made Easy*; *Ready Methods of Improving Delinquent Anatomy*; *Gravitation of Attraction*; *Science of Getting Rid of Old Beaux*; *Cosmogony of Cosmetics*; *Guide to Young Misses Just Coming Out*; *Ditto to Young Ladies Just Going In*, etc.

The young misses showed themselves to be masters of these beautiful studies and acquitted themselves admirably.

I will give the exercises of the first class in *Economical, Abstruse and General Science*, and Every thing else in Particular.

What is true Heroism?

Wearing a No. 3 garter on a No. 5 foot with nothing but smiles on the face.

In what do you perceive the workings of Providence?

In the removal of pimples from the face without leaving scars; in the preservation of pretty teeth; in the gift of small waists and parsels that won't fade.

Define solitude.

Solitude consists in having only three parties a week.

Of what does true happiness consist?

In having a good dressmaker.

What is Life?

Going down-street in full dress and looking at yourself in the shop-windows.

What is the duty of a woman?

The art of getting up a new style.

What should all good women desire to leave behind them?

Trails.

What are the principal seasons?

The Party, the Ball and the Opera seasons.

What does charity consist of?

In rejecting a suitor but allowing him still to claim our friendship.

What is true sorrow?

Half an hour in the kitchen.

What is woman's ideal?

Flowing locks, black mustache, killing eyes, small boots, with just enough money to live ever so little better than anybody else.

What is wisdom?

The art of making just such a selection as aforesaid.

What is the whole duty of woman?

To dress and live so that she have the admiration of all men and the envy of all other women.

What does true refinement consist of?

Of having five or six ardent suitors on hand at once and making each one continually jealous of the other.

What is the duty of man?

To love the women and buy opera tickets.

What is true joy?

Reading the last new novel.

What is misery?

Being called to the parlor and having to leave the hero of the last novel in deadly encounter with his rival without knowing how it is going to end.

Of all hard words, which are the hardest for young ladies to say?

Yes and no.

What are some of the vanities of life?

A matter-of-fact father, low-heeled shoes, brooms, colors not suited to your complexion, an old-fashioned mother, getting up before breakfast, too much modesty, a big brother, a maiden aunt and a pew at the side of the church.

I was truly glad to see that French was taught here in the most lavish manner, for if there is any thing better fitted to assist a young lady in the duties of life, more calculated to prepare them for the stations of wives of husbands, mistresses of households, and mothers of children, I would like to know where on the face of the earth you will find it. But, if it is of no account for that, of what incalculable value is it to use a word or two of the language now and then, and utterly confound a circle of unedu-

cated people! or to sprinkle a few words in an epistle to a lover! There can be nothing like it; never, never!

Reading, spelling, English Grammar and Arithmetic, being altogether unnecessary, were not taught, of course, in the course. Arithmetic? why, they had their own figures to contemplate and arrange, and therefore had little use for arithmetic in general.

The first class in the Management of the Fan showed a great deal of skill and practice, and their handling of that little article won my highest praise. Indeed, before a regiment of young men they would have caused every one of them to have yielded up their arms!

The second class in the Handkerchief Exercise did wonders, and were very proficient. I completely forgot myself and began to wave mine in response, forgetting that it was a six-months handkerchief, and a good deal past the season remedy.

The first class in Attractive Positions was very graceful, and no mistake.

The first class in General Exercises went through the manual of how to look when the question is popped; how to sigh while a lover grows sentimental; how to turn up your nose with grace; how to show your teeth and feet to the best advantage; how to smile and simper, and snicker, and look modest, and act a fool (My Pen) generally.

I am pleased to say that this establishment is a success as it assuredly deserves to be, and hundreds of young ladies annually go hence, perfectly and completely educated upon a high basis, and I am glad to see that poor young men are constantly marrying them, for, as parlor ornaments and shows I know of nothing equal to them.

I picked up the following letter, as I left, in the hall:

"Mon cher—How can you say I treat you with nonchalance, when this is the seventh bill I have sent you, and you have not paid it? I thought of you at least a dozen times. I'm gitting along well in my studies—I stand first in almost every thing, and Madame H. says I shall be able to make my debut in the *beau monde*, *parfait*. Madame H. is the best teacher in the world and knows every thing. Don't fear I'll cease to love you—the last new dress mother sent me is *comme il faut*. Answer soon. The class in Parasol and Trail exercise is called, so *adieu*."

On the back of this was written—"Approved. Madame Hila Lutin."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

SPLINTERS.

A SPLINTER is an aggravating thing, and as I have a few aggravating things to say, I have resolved to call them splinters.

It's an aggravating thing to be called a boy, when you think your mustache can be viewed by the naked eye, and you have shaved for as much as four weeks.

What a splinter it is to treat a man coolly when his clothes are not made of broad-cloth, and when he dies, you find out he has left his large property to some one who picked him up when he felt on the ice—a thing you would have done had you not thought the man was too poor to reward you for your services.

It's aggravating to be a comic lecturer, and rush off a whole battery of jokes, which no one will laugh at, and, while you are cursing the stupidity of your audience, have some one inform you that they "would have laughed, if they had not been afraid of offending."

If you're not blessed with an abundance of hair, and are obliged to wear a wig, it is provoking to be tall, for it might get caught in the chandelier while you were dancing, and be suspended there long enough to make people laugh. Is not that a splinter?

It is rather a damper to a young man's spirits to be five minutes too late to see his lady love to the opera, and then witness her coquetting with some other man between the acts.

It is decidedly unpleasant to be walking out with the idol of your heart, and have your tailor gently tap you on your shoulder and ask you if it is "convenient for you to settle that little bill." It is a pretty poor joke.

How hard it is to have a person remark on the plainness of a female at the other end of the room, when you know said female loves the opera, and then witness her coquetting with some other man between the acts.

It ruffles one's temper to slip on the ice, but it galls one still more to be told you "had better join some temperance lodge, than be falling about in a drunken fit."

How particularly disagreeable it must be to court a girl for a couple of years, bestow any amount of presents upon her, and get a "No" for an answer when you pop the question! One feels like sneaking out of the world into some regions where girls are scarce commodities.

A person must feel as though he had a splinter in his finger, when his poem is declined, with the remark, "many people imagine they can write for the press, but precious few can do it."

How exceedingly mortified a certain lecturer would feel at hearing, as an answer to her question of "Why was I born?" something like this, "By a very grave mistake."

I once wrote a complimentary notice of my wife, and said, "How well does Mrs. Smithers grace the platform." The printer rendered it thus: "How well does Mrs. Smithers' fat form grace a wheel?" Mrs. S. calls that a splinter, and she had it out of the paper instantly.

A parent feels quite proud to hear people remark, that his child takes after him; but when the teacher complains that the child acts like Sancho, somehow the parent suddenly changes his mind.

There is a great amount of talk about abstaining from strong drink; wouldn't the splinter be less painful if people would abstain from strong words as well?

This must be a very charitable world, when a minister will refuse to officiate at an actor's funeral. He probably feared his congregation would not like it. Well, if he fears his congregation more than he loves his Master, he'll have plenty of splinters to look out for.

We look at the sun, and wish we possessed it; and yet we value the flowers around us but little. If the flowers and the sun were to change places, we'd cry for the flowers.

Somebody desires to know, if there is any thing more disagreeable than to have a splinter run into one's finger? There is. A young man in a strange city, not a cent of money in his pocket-book, no friends to call upon for assistance, and as hungry as a lean dog. That's worse.

SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in advance.—No MSS. received for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamp accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four copies, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book MS." and be sealed in wrapper with open end, in order to pass the mails as "Book MS."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" in third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note this paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its file or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except on special cases.

Can not use MS. "Night Express." The incident is dramatic enough but the composition is imperfect. No stamps.—Poems.—"Counselings," "Not Wisely, but too Well," "My Return," "Bored and Excellent," for which P. H. S. asks pay, is, of course, copied from some public source. Believe me, if original with P. H. S., we should not care to pay for matter of its nature. See what is said elsewhere (Our Arm-Chair) in regard to poet's offerings.—Will try and find place for "Death," by Craple Myrtle. MS., "Six of Us," is not available.—Can make no use of MS. by T. C. of Wheeling. Both are very imperfect.—Not available.—My "Bennie's Love," "Grace Greene, the Belle," "Hope's Faith," "A Corral of Spirits." No stamps with any of these.

MS., "In a Bad Fix," we reject—having an apt stock of its class of matter.—The sketch, "Forced Marriage," is of no avail. No stamps.—Will use "Minnie's Merino Dress," as poet's offering.—Will better in conception than in execution. It is deficient in rhythm. Author must study the art of rhythmic composition.—To the poem by S. S., viz., "The Incendiary," we shall have to say no. It is not "just the thing" for us.—Will use poem, "Youth, Love and Memory." It is very good.—Poem, "Wish," we shall have to reject.—Having space.—The MS. serial, "League of Gulls," we return by express, as per author's order.—We can make no use of poem, "My Wife's Love," and return the same.—The MS. by V. V., viz., "Mysteries of the Polar Sea," we can not use.

BESSIE MURRAY. The MS., "Edith's Plot," has not reached us.

Mrs. P. St. ELAN. We have no desire to employ the services of the lady named. She can not write well enough for us.

J. McN. The "Art of Minstrelsy," which you seek to learn, is open to your study in any good church collection of sacred music. Write to any of our Music Publishers for a Catalogue.

M. MENSEN. Have written you by mail. If you wish to publish a book you may write to me for some printer for estimate of cost. But we must advise you not to publish in that way. In almost all cases such ventures are unprofitable.

EDGAR. The wages of a first-class watchmaker are good, and employ is almost certain. It is a capital trade, if well learned. Wages of course differ with locality. In this country a first-class watchmaker from three to six dollars per day—ten hours work.

PRINTING. There are no rules for "indenting" poetry. The usage is to give the same indentation to lines that rhyme with each other. The service as a guide to the reader's eye, but is by no means essential.—Compound words are not distinguished in any way from root words; but, every person who has been properly educated in the elements of grammar, and knows a compound word by sight. A few evenings spent over "Town's Analysis," will induce you to the forms and uses of prefixes, affixes and terminals; and will also give you the rules you ask for regarding the division of words of two or more syllables.

Geo. P. H. Faquelle's series, in use in the Michigan State University, is one of the best French instructors; but there are several series to choose from. The "Self-Instruction Course

THE OLD MAID'S WARNING.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago,
When life's a young man's glow,
My eyes were bright, my voice was low,
And my step had all its zest;
The brown curls danced round my head,
When the golden summer dawned and fled,
Which saw my happy hopes lie dead,
And life lose all its sweetness.

'Twas in the heart of leafy June,
When brooks and birds were all in tune,
And e'en the long days passed too soon,
(Youth is so joyous ever!)

When cousin Dick threw down his books,
And left the city's dusty looks,
For the cool, green lanes and quiet nooks
Of our cottage by the river.

Now, I knew little of city ways,
Except from two or three poplars
Who used to come down to neighbor Gray's
To spend their summer vacation;
But Dick was another sort of a man,
Honest and true on God's own plan,
And some one says that an honest man
Is the noblest work of creation.

And so, as soon as I found him out,
If you're good at guessing I have no doubt
You know already what came about
Only the old, old story:
Our willing lips soon learned to tell
The thoughts our hearts could feel so well,
And o'er our lives there beamed and fell
The light of Love's own glory.

Ah, well! the sweet days glided past,
(When we are happy they fly so fast!)
Without a shadow—just, at last,
The storm-cloud darkened o'er us;
Only a foolish, careless word—
The same old tale, so often heard,
But the wicked spirit of pride was stirred,
And the way was rough before us.

I was stubborn and Dick was proud—
Both were angry, and so we vowed
Never to yield; and the dark, dark cloud
Severed us e'er the morrow.
After-repentance was all in vain,
Dick and I never met again,
And I have carried a ceaseless pain—
A never-ending sorrow.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago,
I seldom mention it now, you know;
But you would want to hear it, dear, and so
Now I have told my story:
If I had conquered my foolish pride,
I might have been a happy bride,
And walked through life by Richard's side,
His love its crowning glory.

Oh, glad young hearts who love so well,
Oh, bright young lips who fondly tell
The tenderest thoughts that ever fell
On Love's sweet sunny morning;
Floating together on true Love's tide,
More than all other foes beside,
Beware of the demons of Wrath and Pride,
Remember the Old Maid's Warning!

In the Wilderness.

Y.—THE MESS.

A WAGON was procured at an out of the way village to take the adventurers in the north woods to the house of the guide, and at two o'clock that afternoon they were on their march through the woods with the guide at their head, threading his way through the intricate paths with all the ease and grace of the old forest ranger. None but they who have tasted such life as this, to whom the green leaves, the sparkling water, and the songs of birds are glories, can understand the rapture with which these disenthralled men drank in every sight and sound.

Each man carried a load, which, under any other circumstances, he would have regarded as enough for a horse; but they stood under it like heroes for three mortal hours, until a break in the vista of green leaves could be seen, and they came out into a leaf-inclosed glade, covered by a soft green carpet, upon which the panting travelers gladly threw off their packs and sat down to rest and refresh themselves after the walk. It was a glorious place for a midday lunch, an oasis in the bosom of the great forest. There was wind enough to send a strange, tremulous, uncertain murmur through the tree-tops, and the birds seemed mad with joy.

Hark! That is the quail. Hear him! The dog at the feet of Viator starts up, with his nose advanced, as if he sniffed the battle afar off and longed to be in it. A little cocker spaniel, which had been beating the bushes, sent up four whirling partridges, while a mother bird, with ruffled crest and angry look, boldly opposed the dog, and her little chicks ran peeping into cover. There was a glimpse of little yellow birds for a moment, and then they were gone, and the mother bird disappeared as if by magic. She had done her duty, had protected her young, and now looked out for number one.

"Come in, Jack," cried the owner of the cocker, and the brown spaniel came obediently to his master, and lay at his feet, winking his eyes lazily, but on the alert for a game of play with the pointer, who was too lazy to join him.

Now for lunch. A great stone in the center of the glade made a convenient table, and upon this the forest spread, in regular masculine disorder. A knuckle of cold ham jostled a long-necked bottle, with a suggestive green seal. Cold chicken, fried fish, butter, cold eggs, pickles, chowchow, cakes and the like were strewn about the rock wherever the last man dropped them. Pocket-knives and fingers are brought into requisition, and the food disappears like chaff before the wind. When the solids are disposed of, something like that remarkable vessel which Maurice Quill called a "horn convenience, holding just a pint, nice measure," began to go the rounds, and they drank of the cup which cheers but does not inebriate. If you ask me what I mean, I say the wine before which all the famed wines of the East, the Cliquots, the Johannisberg, and Seville vintages must give way—the *Catauba*—clear and bright, bearing the life of the grape without the poison, which kills both soul and body. If Longfellow could sing the praises of this rare vintage, why not I?

As the laugh and jest go round, let us look at the faces about the stone. First of all the guide, rare old Ben Townsend—a long, lank, withered Yankee—a man who has made the woods his home since he first learned to walk. The trees had swayed with his cradle and the birds had sung his lullaby long years ago. He had gone on from childhood to age, leading a strangely chequered life, happy in his simple cabin, and the love of the border woman he had chosen to share his fate long ago. It was choice, not necessity, which made old Ben a hunter and guide. He could not have lived in cities. The air would have stifled him, the confusion driven him mad. He tried it once, and got as far as Albany. Stopping at the corner of the Delevan, near State street, he had taken one glimpse of the crush of vehicles, the hurrying crowd, and the great blocks towering toward the sky, and, shouldering his knapsack, he had marched back to his forest home, which he had never left since, and would never leave

again. No student of nature, except Audubon perhaps, took greater delight in the varying sights and sounds of the forest. Simple as a child, knowing nothing of the outside world and its wiles, he is withal possessed of a native humor which nothing could suppress, and a beaming look upon his hard old face, which made it almost comely. Rare old hunter, best of guides, cheeriest of story-tellers by the evening camp-fire, we have loved thee well, and long for the time when we can again follow your lead through the tangled mazes of the woods.

Next in order sat a man of middle size, compactly built, with a frank, open, manly face, an oriental beard, and the most winning eye ever given to man. Next to old Ben, he was the leading man of the party, and was well posted in the ways of the woods. Who like him could cast a fly in a way to entice the speckled denizens of the pool from their home beneath the water? Who could strike the deer upon the leap, or sight a woodcock quickest on the wing? And who, when the day's sport was over, and the camp-fire gleamed, could troll the jolliest catch or wake the echoes with the strains of his enchanted fiddle, as if, like Orpheus, he would charm another lost one from the realms below? None so well as Harry Viator, the leader of the Pilgrim band.

Next in order was a tall young man, with the pale look, and the dimmed eyes of the student—a man with the face of a saint, but who, underneath his mild exterior, had the courage of a lion in the cause which he followed. In the after days, when you hear of him it will be as doing his Master's work successfully and well. This is Robert Spencer, a Divinity student from the Wesleyan college at—, who has been tempted by the resistless Viator to try the woods, in his vacation, and here he is, and his eye looks brighter already, as he drinks in the free breath of the forest in long inspirations.

Every party has its foil, and this party could not be the exception. The man next to Spencer was one who had grown too fast, and in the wrong direction. He looked like "the afternoon shadow of somebody else." Thin? That does not half express it. Think of this ghostly figure with pipe-stem legs clothed in very tight breeches, and you have an idea at once that he is not exactly the person for a long tramp in the woods. Ben had looked him over with a snort of disapproval, and told Viator in confidence that he looked "a weedy sort of critter, and he didn't advertise to keep him safe through

He slowly drank off the fiery liquor, and thoughtfully rubbed the tip of his flaming nose with one stubby finger.

"For little I'd do it! I don't believe she's got a divorce—I'd have heard of it, sure; and then there was the report of my death. Why shouldn't I settle down once more as a man of family? What's to hinder? She'd make it lively enough, I don't doubt, to keep me awake, if she hasn't changed. Eleven years! A long time to look back at! And Allie—a little tot when I left—not more than eight or nine. Used to be mighty peart and smart. Wonder if she looks any like me, now?" he muttered, arising and complacently surveying himself in the mirror.

It was an uncouth picture that met his gaze, and yet he seemed pleased with it. A huge, burly form, bloated with hard drink and other excesses; clad in an ill-fitting, flashy attire; a tangled shock of iron-gray hair, with huge mustache and whiskers; a face—such as was not concealed by the frowsy hair—purpled and pimply; eyes swollen and blood-shot. Such was Jack Kiley, the desperado and returned Californian.

He had been in St. Louis for something over a week, staying at the Planter's House, apparently being flush, spending money lavishly.

Turning from the mirror, Kiley donned his hat and descended to the street. Entering a car, he was soon let down before a fine-looking house on P—street. Without ringing, he flung the door open, and strode past the astonished servant, toward a room from whence proceeded the sounds of a piano, mingled with the clear, full tones of a young voice. Throwing open this door, he stood upon the threshold; he returned the wondering gaze turned upon him, with an impudent leer of nonchalant ease.

"Who are—" began one of the ladies, arising, with a haughty glance at the bold intruder. "There—there—Ria, old girl; don't put on the highfalutin' with me, 'cause it won't go down," grunted Kiley, as he kicked the door to with his heel, and sunk heavily into a chair.

"I don't—" "Yes, you do, too. Take another look. How many times have you swore that you wore my image imprinted upon your heart? You haven't forgotten Jack Kiley—your Jacky—so soon, have you, 'Ria?" "My God! it is—but no; he is dead!"

troubling us hereafter. I should rather than go through a trial for divorce."

"Money! Why, 'Ria, look here," and Kiley pulled out a handful of bills, of large denominations. You see that? I've got a bank of my own. Got dead loads of the stuff. I don't want that—I want you and her?"

As he spoke, Kiley drew a huge "Bowtie" from behind his neck, and coolly began picking his teeth with it. At that moment there came a peremptory ring at the front door. The trio paused and listened intently. A low voice was heard, and then, as the servant replied, the steady tramp of several persons was heard along the passage.

A frown contracted Kiley's brow, and he nervously clutched the hilt of his Bowie-knife and pressed it fiercely against his lips. Evidently he was but ill at ease.

Then the door opened and four men entered, dressed in the police uniform. Kiley thrust the bills into a pocket, and shifted the knife to his right hand.

One officer stepped forward, and placing a hand upon the man's shoulder, uttered, in a low, significant tone:

"My man, I want you!" "For what?" demanded Kiley, rudely, flinging off the hand, his right arm stiffening by his side.

"For the murder of Hiram Caswell, on board the steamer Peerless, if you must know."

Uttering an angry word, the desperado felled the officer to the floor with a vicious left-handed stroke, and then brandishing the fearful weapon above his head, he sprang toward the door. Then followed a confused struggle. Bold and stalwart men confronted him, but the desperado seemed gifted with superhuman strength. Hurling them aside he sprang along the passage.

"Take him, Hughes!" cried the sergeant, and another policeman barred the way, having been stationed at the door in case of some such occurrence.

"Best take it cool, my covey!" muttered Hughes, but then, with an angry yell, Kiley plunged his knife into the officer's breast. With a shrill cry, the ill-fated man fell, death-stricken, but ere the murderer could flee through the door, the wounded policeman drew his revolver and fired. Kiley fell without a groan, dead ere his body touched the floor.

It seems that in coming to St. Louis, by water, Kiley had made the acquaintance of a Western merchant, who had with him a

"Isn't her toilette always most bewitching?"

Gus laughed. "That's so; on Broadway—"

"None of your reservations, now. Once more: can you find the slightest fault with her temper?"

"Not the slightest," said Phil, gravely; "I might find the greatest—"

"Of course; you might find any thing just now, in that fault-finding spirit. But, I've caged you completely. You've admitted she's pretty, well-formed, good-natured, and tasty; and that is all I want you to do."

Gus lighted a fresh cigar, rather triumphantly.

"But, promise to take my advice just this once, Gus; and afterward I'll never open my mouth about Lily Vernon again."

"To stop it, I agree. What am I to do?"

Then Phil Emerson told his suspicions to the lover; and they laid their plans.

It was a small room in a small cottage-house; not particularly pleasant, or remarkably gloomy; a plainly furnished apartment, occupied by a young girl and an elderly woman.

"Didn't I hear the front gate open, Lily? I'm sure of it!"

The girl sprang up, and ran to an adjoining room.

"Goodness! that is Gus, and I not dressed!"

She listened at the door, while her mother admitted the stranger.

It was a woman, who heard that Mrs. Vernon was looking for help.

"An' ye'll let me come in, me and me brither, and rist a minit, while ye're askin' me?"

And so the two Irish people came in, much to Lily's disgust, who returned to her seat by the table, where she was overhauling a set of curls; her own hair knotted untidily up at the back of her head.

"It's a foin lot of hayer ye have, miss," Lily looked up laughingly; then answered:

"Don't touch it."

"Sure and I'll not, thin; and is it sick ye are? ye look so thin and spare-like, and so pale and bad, that ye breaks me harret when I reminds me of poor Dilly who died o' the consumption."

"No, I am not sick. Mother, where under the sun did you put my rouge. I don't see it in this drawer. I wish to gracious you'd let my things alone! I do declare if here isn't my carnation saucer cracked into a dozen pieces! I'd like to break Tom's head; he's done it!"

Mrs. Vernon looked appealingly up, then glanced warningly at the two Irish people.

"What do I care?" returned Lily, in an audible undertone. "I hate Irish, and I'll bet when I take the reins of Gus Walton's establishment I'll make them Irish Biddies fly!"

Where did you say I'd find my rouge, and the clean stockings?"

"Up-stairs; but the stockings are not mended yet, Lily; and so long as we owe that bill for dry goods at Collier's, I don't see where any new ones are to come from."

"Bother the bill. As if I don't have to dress well. I intend my husband to pay that when I'm Mrs. W. Give me those stockings. The holes won't show. I'm only going up to Annie Walton's a little while, for Gus to take me out walking."

Mrs. Vernon handed her a pair of hose whose toes were entirely gone; but Lily took them, and then gathered up her pink paint, her curls, and a not particularly tidy brush and comb, and disappeared in the next room.

"And it's not hirin' me ye'll be doin', mem?"

"I rather think not. You might go across the street; the lady over there is looking for help."

And then they went away; not across the street, but straight up to the stately front-entrance of the Emersons, and into the parlor.

"Well," said Phil, springing from his chair, "what luck? Here, Grace, let me help you off with this horrible disguise. Gus, are you convinced? or didn't fortune favor you?"

"I'm cured—at once and forever. Now, remember your promise, never to mention her name again."

He was a little pale, for he was interested in the girl, and the blow had been as severe as sudden.

And when, a half-hour later, pretty Lily Vernon was shown into the parlor, all flushed and fair, with her charming hair just shading so naturally off her forehead; her elegant trailing skirts, that Gus was to pay for, sweeping around the feet, he could imagine in their yawning hose—he experienced a thrill of repulsion that he never otherwise could have associated with Lily Vernon.

It was with almost superhuman strength that he refrained from asking her if her mother hired the Irish woman.

But, when Lily coquettishly tied on her pink scarf to go home, Gus felt that to accompany her would be more than he was equal to; so, with Grace Emerson at his arm, he went up to Phil before them all.

"Suppose you give an arm to Annie, and one to Miss Lily home? Grace and I are going down to Taylor's for cream; perhaps you and Annie will meet us there on your way home. Good-night, Miss Vernon."

It might have been cruel; but justice often is harsh; and Gus Walton felt relieved when the three walked off.

If Lily Vernon never knew why she was so completely dismissed, other people did; and Gus and Grace discussed it over so many times during the next year, that they came to the conclusion that, while they had together discovered Lily's faults, they had also found out each other's good qualities; and wisely decided to unite them in matrimony.

So that Gus Walton's test was a lucky one after all.

And now, deduce the moral: gentleman, be sure you are going to marry all you have made love to.

Color vs. Brains.—The son of a well-known New Haven politician, whose name begins with B, is a freshman at Yale, and was seated at recitation near the colored student Bouchet, whereupon the B senior wrote to one of the professors, asking as a personal favor that he would change the young man's seat, as it was distasteful to him to sit so near a negro. The professor wrote back that at present the students were ranged in alphabetical order, and it was not in his power to grant the favor, but "next term the desired change will be brought about, for scholarship then being the criterion, Mr. Bouchet will be in the first division, and your son in the fourth."



THE DEAD ALIVE.

the woods? He'll pitch into holes, that critter will. Them legs will tangle up on every root, and, when it comes to wading on the rifts, its odds if the current don't break them legs in two. That's my private opinion of him, squar."

But, he was one of Spencer's old friends, and for the sake of the student, Viator added Augustus Bacon to the party. And if he came to grief at times he rushed upon his own fate.

Let the fifth of the party speak for himself. He is one of that vicious class known as literary men, the subject of many anathemas; but, for some unfathomable reason, envied by other men. Why? Because he is lazy! He is not quite useless in the woods, can land a trout or bass, or shoot a bird which is not too far away. And further, this deponent sayeth not.

The feast is ended. Viator produces a flute and discourses sweet music. The party recline upon the sward, and Augustus Bacon stretches his slender legs in the sunshine, which wonderful members old Ben regards with awe. An hour after the packs are lifted, Ben takes the lead, and the march again begins.

The Dead Alive.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

JACK KILEY set down the emptied glass, with a heavy thump, upon the table, and inhaled a long breath as one hand carelessly brushed the drops of strong-smelling liquor from his long, frowsy mustache. A peculiar smile wrinkled the corners of his small, blood-shot eyes, and curled the tip of his caruncled nose.

And yet, that smile, though evidencing a species of mirth, neither rendered him exactly handsome, nor yet angelic. Those who knew him best, in times gone by, used to whisper that Jack's smile was a plagiarism on that of Madame Brinvilliers.

"That's it," muttered Kiley, as he refilled his glass with the amber-hued whisky. "I'll call on the old woman. Lucky I thought of her. I'm nearly dead for some fun. Tain't here like this in the mountains. Give a feller a touch of steel or a blue pill, and you're gone up. A dozen fellers 'll pile on 'Shum's' plenty—Lord! how Walt Overton cussed last night 'cause I busted his fero bank!—and I must have a row of some kind. Maria 'll do, if she's any thing as high-tempered as she was when I left—after that scrape with Howland."

gaspeth the lady sinking back into her chair, her worn face pallid and scared.

"Not much, he ain't! I'm Jacky—your Jacky, you know. Think I'd give you the dirty shake that way, after we swore to live and die together? Nary time! But, say, why don't you say you're glad to see me? Why don't you throw your arms around my neck and hug me, like you used to do, whenever I stayed out late o' nights? Come, I'm ready," and the ruffian uttered a hoarse chuckle of delight as he noticed how the pale-faced woman shrunk before his brutal leers.

"Hello!" added Kiley, as the younger woman arose from the piano, and glided to the side of her whom he called wife, "who's that? Thunder! 'Ria, is that Allie; is that the little gal—our girl? and, despite himself, the ruffian felt a peculiar sensation of awe as he gazed upon the beautiful features of the child he had so long ago abandoned.

"Mother, who is this man; he frightens me!" murmured the maiden, shrinking back as Kiley arose.

"D'y' hear that 'Ria?" chuckled Jack; "d'y' hear that, I say? Who am I, ch? Why gal—Allie, don't you know me? Don't you know your own dear pa? Come, give me a kiss, daughter."

With terror-stricken gaze riveted upon the wretch, Allie shrank behind her mother. As Kiley advanced, a wicked light glowing in his bleared eyes, the woman roused up from her momentary stupor, and waived him back. Almost unconsciously Kiley obeyed, and paused.

"Stand back, John Kiley. Lay a finger upon her and I will call the police. They may remember you better than I did!"

"That is a nice way to talk to a feller in his own house, I don't think!" muttered the ruffian, angrily.

"Your house! How much of this did you leave us, when you fled from justice?" bitterly added the woman. "Little you cared whether we lived or starved. I was forced to take in washing to keep from that."

"Don't make no difference. What's yours is mine, what's mine's my own. Your uncle died and gave it to me—through you. I'm your lawful husband, and how can you get out of it? Tell me that?"

"The law will set me free."

"Not if I can help it, and I can make it mighty hot for you, before. I see you don't know me yet!"

"Look here, John Kiley," desperately uttered the wife, "tell me what you want. If it's money—and of course it is—name your price. Say how much will buy you off from

large sum of money, and one night while the boat lay at St. Charles, he had murdered and robbed him; then taking the train, had left no traces behind him, as he believed. But justice followed and overtook him, as narrated.

Beyond proving his identity, Mrs. Kiley was not troubled. Soon afterward they removed to Chicago, Allie becoming the wife of a well-to-do merchant.

Gus Walton's Test.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"NEVER can you convince me of your sanity while you persist in this unapproachable piece of folly. Why, Gus, you are too smart and sensible to be so easily taken in!"

"Taken in!" returned Gus, indignantly. "Why, you don't seem to have the slightest regard for my feelings in the matter! But, whatever criticisms you make, you mustn't call my love for Lily Vernon a take-in."

And so the ardent lover of pretty Lily Vernon, when he had ridden himself of this speech, tipped himself further back than ever in his chair, while his friend laughed.

"Nobody wants to criticise you, Gus; I'm sure if your happiness did not lie very near my heart—considering I am going to marry your sister, you know—I'd not take the trouble to speak, and warn you against this pretty Lily, who is no more suited to be your wife than a doll."

Gus Walton's lips curled contemptuously. "You've been listening to some of sister Annie's gossip, I'll wager. She'd better go to investigating your character before she undertakes to find fault with Miss Lily."

"You're getting vexed, needlessly, Gus. Annie did not tell me directly, but I acknowledge I heard her and my sister Grace discussing the lady."

"And what did they say, pray?"

Gus was speaking very coldly for him; he was evidently touched.

"I'd rather not repeat it now, Walton, indeed. But, I'll undertake to prove my assertion that you are deceived in Lily Vernon."

"Look here, Phil Emerson. Isn't Lily pretty enough for you?"

"As a painting, I know; but—"

"You'll admit she is as perfect a figure as any girl you ever saw?"

"So's any one who—"

"And as to accomplishments: don't she dance and play and sing?"

"They are her only requirements, Gus—"

A WOMAN'S WAY.

BY J. L. P.

Does it do any good to cry?
When some little careless word
Makes your heart grow heavy and beat
Its bars like a prisoned bird?
Does it do any good to cry?
If nobody loves you at all,
And nobody knows how faithfully
You have given your life—your all?
Does it do any good to cry
When you sit down alone,
And think of all they said and did
The others who now are gone?
As clouds part after rain,
So this is a woman's way
Of making lighter the heavy heart,
And brighter the shady day.
After the shower of tears made dim
The tender light will dawn
Of a sweet content that can live unclouded
And toll to the end unknown.
What, now, do I care
Whether they praise or blame?
Whether they give me cross to bear?
Or the laurel wreath of fame?

The Boy Clown:

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.
A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

BY FRANK STANISLAUS FINN.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FIERY FURNACE.

THE fierce and rapacious element of fire was on its devastating march, and like its many former raids, seemed as though he would not leave until he was a conqueror. The situation to Henry was a most trying one. With the frightened and fainting girl in his arms, his chances for escape did not look of a very promising nature.

Were they to end their lives in the deep woods, and was the skeleton seen in Jessie's dream to be theirs?

The situation was truly appalling, and well calculated to shake the nerves of even the strongest and bravest.

Upon every side, look where he might, he could see the fire climbing the huge trunks or leaping from limb to limb, while over all great masses of black smoke were swirling, almost entirely obscuring the rays of the morning sun.

The air was filled with flying brands and cinders, while ever and anon a deafening roar was heard, marking where some mighty tree, sapped of its strength, had fallen to the earth.

There seemed no mode of escape, for the fiery wall encircled the spot where the two wanderers stood, while each moment the circle grew smaller, and the atmosphere more difficult and painful to breathe.

Henry saw that something must be done, some effort made, and although it seemed almost hopeless, yet the brave boy did not altogether despair.

Not far off he discovered a small brook that ran through the wood, and thither he bore the now unconscious girl, and placing her upon a grassy mound close to the edge, he dipped his cap full of the cooling liquid, and with it bathed Jessie's brow and temples.

Leaving his charge here, he ran rapidly down the course of the stream, it having suddenly occurred to him that by following it he might perchance find an opening for escape from the fiery furnace.

He dared not remain absent long, and after proceeding some little distance he determined to return to Jessie, and taking her in his arms, should she still be insensible, make the attempt to reach open ground.

He quickly retraced his steps to where he had left his charge, but, what was his surprise and alarm to find that Jessie had disappeared!

At first he supposed that she had recovered, and missing him, had wandered off a little way; but, after calling her name repeatedly and receiving no reply, he became very much alarmed, and ran lither and thither, wildly calling upon her to answer.

Only the echo of his own voice, mingled with the roar of the flames, and the deafening crash of falling trees, came back to him. There was now but a scanty time left for him to think and act; with terrible strides the fire was closing in upon him, and although nearly wild with anxiety on Jessie's account, yet the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and, after one more look around with the faint hope that she might yet be seen, he dashed off down the ravine at the top of his speed. He knew that his remaining in the place he had just left could not possibly afford the lost girl any aid, and there was a shadow of hope in his heart that she might have escaped.

As he was running swiftly along the bank of the stream his eye chanced to fall upon a cave in a rocky ledge upon the further side, and quick as thought he determined to seek shelter here, trusting to that kind Providence, which had hitherto saved him from death, to bring him safely through the present impending danger.

In a moment he crossed the creek, and pushing aside some bushes that grew about the entrance, entered the cavern and made his way back into its gloomy depths.

The place was much larger than Henry had thought, judging by the narrow mouth through which he had been compelled to crawl on hands and knees, and without difficulty, other than the profound darkness, he crept still further back as the smoke from without began to pour in.

Soon the air of the cave grew to be stifling, and it became necessary that he should retreat yet more, and this he did, feeling his way along the rugged walls step by step.

In this manner he proceeded some half an hour, when, on suddenly turning an abrupt bend, he felt a breath of pure, sweet air, coming from the depths beyond, and his cheeks.

How very grateful this was to the oppressed lungs of the young man can be imagined, and it brought with it not only relief but renewed hope as well, for Henry knew that there must be another opening or outlet to the cavern, else whence came this now strong current of air?

Strengthened by the thought, Henry continued to feel his way, and was presently rewarded by seeing, apparently a great way off, a gleam of light that looked like a star shining in the midst of surrounding darkness.

Henry had left Jessie's side but a few moments, when she recovered from her faint attack, to find herself lying on the margin of the brook. Looking up to see where her companion was, she saw her peril at once. She tried to scream, but her power of utter-

ance seemed gone. Nature was too much overtaxed, and she fainted again.

There was another personage in these woods, unknown to our hero and heroine, a brawny-armed, but good-natured and honest negro, named Pete Morgan. He had the reputation of being afraid of naught. He had been away on a visit, and was returning, when he encountered Jessie.

As the girl was in no condition to give an account of herself, the negro took her up in his arms, and, stepping into the brook, he waded along up the stream. He was a muscular fellow, and, as his burden was light, he made rapid progress, stopping only to wipe the drops of perspiration from his forehead.

It was at a most palatial residence he stopped, at one of the many so famous at the South. Elegance was its great characteristic. Luxury was seen at every portion of the mansion. The negro carried his charge into the kitchen, and, much to the consternation and astonishment of the cook, Dinah, placed her in a chair.

"Lor's, Pete," exclaimed Dinah, "what has you got dar?"

"Spec it's a fainted gal, Dinah, de world's all afire. It's a-roarin' and a-ravin'; we's all a-goin' to be burned up!"

Dinah said nothing, but put aside the dough she was kneading, fell on her knees, and commenced to croon some old-fashioned hymn.

"Get up, Dinah! It won't burn up, until you gets too makin' your bread. The woods is on fire. Didn't you smell no smoke?" said Pete.

"Lor's, yes," replied Dinah, rising, "but I didn't pay no heed to it. But whar did you come across de gal?"

"She was a-lyin', sweet and pretty, alongside of de brook, and she looked so helpless like I was bound to save her, even if I got sizzled myself!"

"You's a Christian, Pete, bress your brack skin. You did what de good Lord tole us to do. He said, when we did good to one on his children, we was doin' it to him. 'Scriptur' says it better, but you know what it means."

"Yes, Dinah, and don't 'Scriptur' tole us to love one another?"

"Well, I'm sure I allus tries to; don't I, Pete?"

"You may try to, but you doesn't allus do it. Don't you member how I wanted to make you my wife, and you said you couldn't love me enough for dat?"

"I didn't know you was a Christian, den, coz you didn't exhort at de camp-meetin'; but I wouldn't refuse you now."

So Pete was an accepted lover of the dark Dinah, and they both did all that lay in their power to restore the young sufferer to consciousness.

At last Jessie rewarded their endeavors by opening her eyes and looking around.

"Don't you be afraid, miss; you's in good hands," said the thoughtful Dinah. "Pete, here, found you on de brookside, and toled you home."

"Is Henry here?" exclaimed Jessie.

"Who does you mean, miss?"

"A young boy, who was with me in the woods. I fainted away, and when I came to myself he was gone."

"Then, he mus' be a burned up, for de woods blazes as though de fearful day of judgment was come," said Pete.

"Oh! can not some one go and save him?" pleaded Jessie.

"It would be a fearful o' Providence to rush into dat fiery furnace," answered Pete.

"Then you ought to have left me there, too," said Jessie.

"It's de wickedness to talk so, honey. Remember, dar's one who holds us in de holler ob his hand," said the pious Dinah.

"Was de young man your brudder?" asked Pete.

"No; he was only a friend, but he was a sincere friend. We both belonged to a circus; but there was a bad man said he was my father, and was going to carry me off, so we run away together to escape from him."

"You was naughty children to b'long to a circus; you was naughtier still to run away wid a boy, and it'd sarve him right to be suffumated," burst forth from the excited Dinah.

"Dar now, Dinah, dat isn't Christian feelin'," broke in Pete.

"Wal, Lor' forgive me; I's sorry," and Dinah threw her colored apron over her head.

At this moment, the kitchen door opened, and a handsome, middle-aged lady, dressed in deep mourning, entered. The sable servants made their "respects" to her, and repeated Jessie's story.

The lady listened, with astonishment.

"My poor child," she said, taking Jessie's hand and drawing her to her side, "yours has, indeed, been a rough path for one so young; but, here you may rest, safe, I think, from pursuit, while we see what can be done toward finding your young companion."

"Oh! dear lady, you are indeed kind; but, alas! I fear that harm has befallen Henry, and he was so good, so kind and brave!" and Jessie covered her face and wept bitterly.

Under the soothing words and kindly caresses of the good lady of the mansion, who persisted in asserting that a young and active man had no need to perish in the forest, and, therefore, that Henry must still be alive and safe, Jessie gradually recovered, and was soon able to give Mrs. Atkins, for such was the lady's name, a more detailed account of all that had happened, than the simple-minded negroes had done.

"A strange story, my child," said Mrs. Atkins, aloud; and then turning slightly away, while a look of deep sadness stole over her face, she murmured:

"How like is her sweet face to that dear one we have lost?"

The more Mrs. Atkins regarded Jessie, and it seemed that it was impossible that she could refrain from doing so, the stronger some impression, or belief, seemed to fasten itself upon her mind.

She made the young girl repeat the story of her early life more than once again, and plied her with questions as to her earliest memories.

These were few and faint, and seemed to afford the lady no light upon a subject that she was evidently much interested in.

While this was going on in Mrs. Atkins' own room, for thither they had gone, Pete and Dinah were engaged in the kitchen, in spirited debate, Dinah, as usual, doing most of the talking.

"Fore de goodness grushions, Pete, I clar it most took my bref when I fast see dat chile. She so much favor our Miss Lizzie what's dead and gone," said Dinah, who was busy at the dough-rough.

"Dar! I done know'd I hab see some-

body dat gal look like. You's tole de trufe dis time, shua. Golly! she like nough to be our young miss' own darter, and, Dinah!"—here Pete's voice sunk to a low, mysterious tone, and he leaned over toward his sable sweetheart—"you knows Miss Lizzie hab a little picaninny what got lost?"

"Lor, Pete! 'sissen dis gal was—" "Hush, Dinah! missus hear you, and den de dobble of a lobbyery be raised," said the cautious Pete.

"My child," said Mrs. Atkins, after she had exhausted all questions, "you are strangely like one who was very dear to me, and who now sleeps peacefully beneath the sod! My only child, who went away and died amid strangers. She left a child, a daughter, as we ascertained, who, if she be alive, would be of your age. My heart goes out to you as it has never done to another since she left us, and the dead seems to speak to me through your voice. Stay with me here. Your home shall be a happy one after the trials and hardships of your life, and should it prove that the secret promptings of my heart are false, you shall still always find in me a true friend."

These words, while they astonished Jessie no little, were, nevertheless, very sweet to her, and she might have been completely happy, but for the terrible suspense that hung around the fate of her young friend, Henry.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLANTER'S HOME.

THAT little gleam of light was to Henry as a guiding star, and with his eyes fixed hopefully upon it, he pushed forward, now and then stumbling, it is true, and sometimes bumping his head severely against pendant stalactites or projecting corners, but, all the time nearing the end of his wilderness journey.

Removing his shoes and jacket, he made them into a compact bundle, which he fastened securely upon his shoulders, or, rather, back, and thus watching until a log, of which there were many about, should pass near enough in, he finally fixed upon one, and, entering the water, struck boldly out from shore.

He soon reached the drift, and, after several attempts, succeeded in getting astride of it, and in this manner he floated down the stream, safe at least from all danger of perishing by fire in the burning forest.

The log floated steadily—that is, without rolling—and, presently, after rounding a curve in the stream, he saw with delight that he was nearing the outer limits of the conflagration.

Below the bend, the wood became less dense, gradually growing more and more sparsely, and, after a little while, ceased altogether, and the broad, open cotton-fields lay upon either side.

The young voyager now began to think of landing, and, casting his eyes about on the surface of the water, he was fortunate enough to discover a stout stick floating within reach of his hand.

This he secured, and using it as a paddle, he slowly turned the head of his raft shoreward, and gradually worked himself in.

When within a rod or so of the bank, a clear, strong voice hailed, and, glancing up, Henry saw a young man, probably about his own age, standing near the edge of the water, intently regarding his movements.

"Don't alibey!" shouted the stranger. "Be de powers! but will yees be ather tellin' a feller de name iv dat craft, an' where de devil yee are bound to?"

"I'm bound for dat bank there," called Henry, laughing; "but my propelling power is deficient, and I'm afraid I'll have to land further down."

"Not a bit iv it!" shouted the Irish lad, for such his brogue pronounced him to be. "Not a bit iv it. Put in yer shrookes foimly an' strongly on de aft side iv de craft, and I'll be a bit with yer head!"

And before Henry knew the other's intent, he had his coat off and was in the water swimming with quick, strong strokes out to where he was.

In five minutes, the log grounded in shoal water near the bank, and Henry, getting off, stepped ashore.

"An' now dat ye are safe an' sound, on terry-firm, would yeez be tellin' a chap where de blazes yee've been floated from on dat cold log?" asked the Irish lad, whose curiosity was strongly excited.

"From above de bend, yonder, I was caught in the woods by the fire, and this was my only way out," replied Henry.

"An' a foin way it wur, be de soul av me! Ye was in them burnin' woods! Sure ye must 'a' been born to be hung, meanin' no offence."

"Why should I be hanged?" inquired our hero, with a smile.

"Why? Why, shure, nather wather nor fire could miss ye, an' they says that whin that's de case de man's bound to be hung," replied Pat. "But, come wid me," he continued. "I'm on my way down to de big house beyant, an' there's where ye can dilly yer garments, an' maybe de grand folk'll give ye a dhrap iv de crathur, that'll put life into your bones an' body."

"Where do you mean, my friend?" asked Henry.

"To de big house, beyant de clump iv trees yee see across de field. Och! but it's a foin place, an' de lady is a lady, ivry inch iv her, from de soul iv her purty foot to de top iv her head, God bless her!"

It was to the mansion of Mrs. Atkins that Pat alluded, and thither the two lads took their way across the field.

Dinah opened the door in answer to the somewhat formidable rattle made upon it by the Irish boy's shillab, but, no sooner had she done so than she uttered a loud cry, and, throwing her apron over her head, fled in dismay to the kitchen, when she inquired of Pete, "Dat de dobble herself was out dar at de do?"

Indeed, Henry, with his blackened face, and singed hair and garments, did not present a bad picture of "de dobble"—that is, to Dinah's distorted vision; but, there was one within the house who saw and recognized him through all the disguise.

Jessie had caught sight of our hero through an open window, as he came up the gravel walk, and, in her impulsive way, rushed to him, and embraced him.

"Well, if he is the devil, there's the swatest, purtiest angel out of heaven a-huggin' of him to death. Faith! I'd like to be a devil myself, to be hugged in that way."

The meeting of Jessie and Henry was a mutual surprise, for each had looked upon the other as dead. The love and sympathy which had for so long a time lain dormant in the heart of Mrs. Atkins was rekindled, and she looked after the welfare of her young visitors with all the care and tender solicitude of a mother. Mr. Atkins agreed, with his wife, that the wanderers should be lodged at his house, and they, accordingly, had beds provided for them.

ed to be struggling with a girlish figure.

"You've got to come along with me, my pretty little dear, so don't play shy. You'd better not make a noise, or I'll choke you on the spot," said the man.

"We'll see about that," said Henry. "It takes two to make a bargain of that kind," and he planted his fist straight between the eyes of the ruffian.

The blow told with terrible effect, for the man reeled and fell headlong on the pavement.

Released from the ruffian, the girl rushed into Henry's arms. The lad drew her to one of the gas lamps, and looked into her face.

He started with amazement! It was Jessie, but, oh! so pale and careworn!

"Jessie!" he said, "what does this mean? Why are you here? Oh! answer me!"

"Oh! Henry, I wish I was dead," was her only answer.

CHAPTER X.

FOUND AND LOST.

"You must not talk of dying, Jessie," said Henry. "But, tell me why you are not with your grandparents; why have you left your father?"

"Oh! Henry, I can never believe him to be my father. I am wretched with him," answered Jessie.

"Take my arm and walk along with me, and tell me all about your troubles," replied Henry.

Jessie did so, and as they threaded the streets that Christmas eve, the poor child poured such a tale of sorrow into the boy's ears, that he could not refrain from weeping.

"For some time after you left us, Murker pretended to be a perfect saint, and did so much for Mr. and Mrs. Atkins that they were well pleased with him. But, oh! he talked so cruelly against you, and accused you of being vicious and bad. I used to go up in my chamber and hide, to escape hearing him talk so. One day, he told Mr. and Mrs. Atkins that you doubtless left me in the woods to burn alive. I burst into tears, and told him he was telling a wicked and sinful lie. This seemed to madden him, for he arose from his seat, and came to where I was sitting, and struck me with his hard hand."

"Shame on him!" uttered Henry, with his teeth clenched.

"If that had been the worst, I would not have cared so much, but, one night he came home in a drunken fit, and because I would not do just as he wished, he threw a wine glass at me, and it cut my neck. I did not dare to tell him, for he said if I did he would kill me. I knew of no other way to do than to run off. I heard that you were here, and I knew that you would aid me."

"Will not Mr. and Mrs. Atkins protect you from Murker?"

"They might. But I have kept my troubles to myself. Dinah and Pete loaned me some of their savings to get here."

"Do you believe the Atkins' to be kin of yours?"

"Yes; I firmly believe them to be my grandparents, but Murker I will never believe to be my father."

"But, the proofs he had?"

"He probably came to them by fraud."

"It is a strange affair, look at it in all its lights. But, what do you intend doing, Jessie?"

"Going back to my old life—become a circus rider again."

"Are you not afraid Murker will suspect of your design, and find you out?"

"But I must do something."

"The landlady with whom I board is also a dress-maker, and she was saying at dinner to-day that she would like to take a young girl as an apprentice. Here you would be secluded, and it is ten to one if Murker ever thinks of looking for you here. What say you?"

"Oh! that would be far better than the other plan, for then he could not find me."

"Then I will speak to her this very night. She will find you a room, I am sure."

They had arrived at Henry's boarding-house, and Mrs. Smart was made acquainted with Jessie, as well as given a brief account of her trials and her desires. Mrs. Smart, like a good motherly being, agreed to all, and for a time, at least, Jessie was safe.

Christmas day dawned clear, cold, cold. The snow, which fell on the night preceding, afforded fine sleighing. Holiday time circus people have to work, for it is then that they are patronized the most; consequently Henry was obliged to be away from Jessie all day. Yet, all of that time there was a feeling that the girl was unsafe where she was. He wished he had time to run home between the performances, but he had none. To others this was, indeed, a merry Christmas, but to the Boy Clown the hours passed heavily.

He gladly hailed the time when he had finished his duties and started for home. He was the last performer to leave the theater, and, as he did so, he encountered a woman crouching on the pavement, who cried, "For the love of the Blessed Savior, who was born this day, and by the honor you have for His Blessed Mother, spare me a few cents."

Henry, always having pity for the suffering, thrust a crisp one dollar greenback into the woman's hand.

"Heaven's blessing on you," exclaimed the woman. "Tell me your name, that I may remember it in my prayers."

"I am called Henry De La Forest."

"Then, thank God! I can be of help to you; I can save your life!"

"Save my life. What do you mean?"

"A short time since, as I was sitting here, I saw two men drawing near. I did not like their looks, and shrunk further into the shade, to avoid them. They did not see me, but commenced a conversation, in a low and guarded voice. They made a plan to meet a person to-night and waylay him."

"Who was this person?"

"They called him Henry De La Forest."

"Did you learn what object they had for committing the deed?"

"One of them said you knocked him down last night. Thank Heaven! I have been spared to warn you."

Henry thrust another bill of a larger denomination into the woman's hand, and pursued his homeward way. He was careful to avoid the shady side of the street, and felt partially secure, when, suddenly, he was seized from behind, tied and gagged. He was about giving himself up as lost. His assailers were so occupied with him that they did not notice a person who was on their track. While gloating over their good success, and thinking how easily they had secured Henry, a heavy whack from ad-

thick club, on each of their heads, felled them to the pavement.

Henry's bag was removed from his hands and his hands untied.

"I'll bet the rogues know that an Irishman's muscle was made to be used. Faith, as Barney Williams says in 'Shandy Maguire,' cried a well-known voice."

"We may be duped, we won't be dared. More fit to practice than to play. Henry, if you can't find a way out, I'll find one. I shall be by an Irishman."

"Why, Pat, how came you here?" "I came to look for work."

"What, in this street?" "I'm looking for a job. I'm a New York city boy."

"Have you been lucky?" "Not enough to brag about. I tried to get a situation as a play-actor, for my clothes were as ragged as Billy Florence's, and my brogue as fine as Dan Bryant's, but the managers failed to see my wonderful talents. Then I went into the newspaper line, but I couldn't make money at that, for I tried to sell yesterday's news for to-morrow's."

"You have been unlucky, surely. But, do you remember the girl we met at the South?"

"As an Irishman never forgets a purty face, when he sees one, it's not for the likes of Pat Daley to be an exception to his countrymen."

"Well, she is here."

"What do you mean?" "Then, as they walked along together, Henry told his friend the whole story, and Pat let a little light in upon the dark subject, and told about Murker's reading the letter at the old hut."

They were met at the door of the boarding-house by Mrs. Smart. She drew back in astonishment and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! You! In the land of the living!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Henry, in surprise.

"A man came here this evening and said you had met with an accident at the circus. Jessie was so frightened that she put on her things to look for you."

"Yes. Didn't she find you at the circus?"

"No. There has been more treachery practiced here. Is that poor girl never to have rest! Where in this mighty city can I search for her?"

"Ay! Where could he look? Have not people been missing in the great metropolis for years, and yet never discovered? May not their bones be bleaching not far from where you now stand? The streets and alleys of New York could tell many a tale of wrong and suffering, misery and crime."

Henry was uneasy. He wanted to be doing something to trace out the lost girl, but it seemed so hopeless a task, that he was almost persuaded to abandon it.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Murker's disposition would allow himself to be baffled by a girl. He rightly conjectured that, as she had run away, she would immediately seek Henry. Of course he was well aware where Henry was, and thither he bent his footsteps.

He soon found out all he desired, and he knew that nothing short of danger to Henry would draw her from the house. His ruse succeeded, and the girl felt too readily into the trap laid for her. The carriage, into which she was pushed, proceeded on its way at a rapid pace, and it was not until it had stopped at a low and miserable dwelling, that she was aware of her danger.

"You may scream and kick to your heart's content. This house is a long way from any other, and you'll waste your breath in trying to make others hear you."

Jessie drew away from her persecutor. She could see no chance of escape.

"Well, and what have you to say for yourself?" asked the man.

"Only this," answered Jessie. "I am a weak girl, thrown in your power. What I have done that you should treat me so I can not tell. Who are you?"

The man lit a match, and by its light revealed his features. It was no one she had ever seen. He lit a lamp, and, after placing some provisions before her, left her presence. When he was gone she tried doors and windows, but all were heavily bolted and barred. She threw herself on the outside of the bed, and wept herself to sleep.

When Henry had once fully determined to pursue the search for Jessie, despite the seemingly hopeless thereof, he threw himself into the work with all the ardor of his generous and impulsive nature.

Every hour, when not engaged in the ring, was devoted to the search, and the great city was ransacked from one end to the other by the persevering lover.

In many of these wearisome jaunts, Henry was accompanied by Pat Daley, whose ready tongue and keen wit, not only opened the way many times, but saved them both, on more than one occasion, from assault, and perhaps murder.

When Henry was engaged at the circus, Pat would frequently pursue the search alone, or rather he would, while traversing the city in the capacity of rag and bottle gatherer, his only employment, keep constantly on the watch for some indication of the poor girl's whereabouts.

One day, while slowly traversing a lonely street in a distant part of the city, sounding his monotonous cry—"Any odd rags for to sell!" he chanced to stop in front of an old, dingy-looking house, and, without knowing why, began inspecting its front, examining each closely-shuttered window in turn.

"Whist! What the blazes was that?" a slight noise from above attracted the Irish lad's attention, and running his eyes quickly over the several windows, he fancied he saw the outlines of a figure behind one.

"Is that you, Pat?" asked a voice from behind the shutter.

"Yes, it's me, Pat! But who the—Oh! murderer! But I do believe it's the girl herself. Miss Jessie!" he called, raising himself on tip-toe and gazing eagerly upward.

"If it's yerself, please spake, an' be Saint Patrick but I'll have the odd shanty down!"

"Yes, Pat, it is I. I am a prisoner here. Convey the intelligence to Henry, that he may come and—"

But the voice suddenly ceased, and the figure disappeared from the window.

"And it's there, ye are, bless yer purty face! Be the powers but it's Pat Daley that'll take ye out iv that, and be hanged to the murderer's blackguard, old Murker!" And Pat forthwith began casting about for means of access to the house.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 76.)

Sporting Scenes.

DAVID CROCKETT'S BEAR HUNT.

In the autumn of 1825, Col. Crockett commenced business in the vicinity of a lake, some twenty miles from his home. A number of hands were employed in building two boats and getting out staves for the market. To provide meat for his family, during his absence, he killed a number of bears and salted them down, which afforded a plentiful supply to the family larder. Then he took his dogs, and, with a friend, started on a hunt "for sport." They were gone two weeks, during which they killed fifteen bears. Upon his return, he engaged himself for a time with his men in getting out staves, until he "couldn't stand it any longer," when, in company with one of his boys, he departed on another hunt, near a small lake.

The first evening he shot three of the monsters, and, in the morning, erected a scaffold, upon which the meat was placed so as to be beyond the reach of wolves. Here, Crockett states, he was visited by a company of hunters, with fourteen dogs, all of which were so lean that when one barked he was compelled to lean against a tree to sustain the necessary strength!

While hunting, they came upon a poor fellow employed in draining the ground, and the very picture of misery and poverty was. He told Crockett that he was toiling there to earn food for his family. The generous hunter offered to furnish him with all the bear-meat he could need, if he would lend his helping hand. In the course of the day four large bears were brought down, all of which were presented to the poor man; and, by the time a week was ended, they had slain *seventeen*. Crockett met the same man a year after, and was told by him that he still had a large quantity of the bear-meat on hand! He received a letter from the gallant hunter which was never forgotten.

Crockett reached home about Christmas, when one of his neighbors, who was out of meat, asked the hunter to join him in another hunt. David had tasted enough of "the sport" to satisfy him for a while; but, to oblige the man, he consented to another "tramp," though warning his friend that it was so late in the season the bears had, in all probability, gone into winter-quarters.

Toward the close of the day, Crockett's dogs came upon a trail in a thick cane brake, where he had housed himself for the winter. Being thus unceremoniously disturbed, the bear aroused himself to come out. The two hunters came up. Crockett stepped aside for his friend to shoot, as he had expressed a great desire to do. The latter stepped bravely forward, and, steadying his nerves, fired, killing the bear on the spot.

The next morning, they continued the hunt between the Obion and Redfoot lakes. They had gone but a few miles, when Crockett's keen eye detected a hole in a large black oak, which wore a suspicious look. Approaching closer, he saw that a bear had ascended the tree, but had not come down. This was told by examining the marks of his claws. In going up, his nails never slip or scratch; but, in coming down, they tear the bark and disfigure it greatly.

Crockett and his friend commenced cutting a smaller tree to fall against the oak, so that they might reach the bear, when the dogs, by loud and clamorous barking, announced that they had treed another of the brutes. Leaving the one in the oak for a moment, the two hunters made their way to the dogs, where, as expected, they found one of "the imps" up a tree.

Crockett's friend again asked permission to shoot. The old hunter gave consent with reluctance, as he was a most uncommon brute in size. The man's aim, however, was fatal, and the great fellow came tumbling headlong to the earth. Crockett now noticed that one of his best dogs was absent; so, leaving his companion to butcher the bear, he ascended a high hill to listen for him. He soon heard his faint barking away in the distance, and, calling the other dogs, started for the spot. When he reached his dog, his eyes were greeted by another bear, seated on a limb above him. Crockett brought him down, and returned to his friend.

This bear was soon dressed. They then went to the oak where Crockett's son had been left. They found he had cut the smaller tree, but it had fallen differently from what they expected. Crockett's friend and his son commenced cutting the oak, which was nothing more than a mere shell, and the hunter retreated some distance to keep his dogs out of the way of the falling tree. Looking up, he saw the bear emerging from the hole, evidently alarmed by the unusual disturbance. When he reached the ground, the dogs pounced upon him, and a regular "skrimmage" commenced. It was soon ended by the knife of Col. Crockett. The three bears were "skaffolded."

Leaving his son in the camp, Crockett and his friend started on a hunt in the morning, in a different direction. The ground over which they traveled was crossed by vast yawns or rents, made by what might be termed a local earthquake. This rendered their progress exceedingly slow, and, finally, compelled them to quit their horses and go on a-foot. They had gone on but a short distance, when they met a bear coming directly toward them. Crockett set his dogs after the game, and let his friend continue the pursuit, while he himself took a different direction, where he heard several others of his dogs creating a great clamor.

He soon saw the tracks of what he knew was a "screamer," and, ere long, came upon him seated upon a stump twenty feet high, where he was leisurely surveying the impotent efforts of the dogs to bring him down. Crockett instantly raised his gun and fired; but was so nervous from the excitement and fatigue of the chase, that he missed his deadly aim and only broke the animal's shoulder. It brought him to the ground, however, when another shot finished him. Crockett was soon joined by his friend, the bears were skinned and "fleece" of their fat—the horses brought up and loaded, and a start made for the camp.

But the bears seemed determined to give the colonel no rest now that they had him in their domain. When within a few yards of the camp, he heard the well-known signal from his dogs. Instantly sliding from

his horse, he started on a run after them, pitching over logs, dropping into the rents in the earth, and then resuming his march in his peculiarly expressive language, as he received a full more severe than usual.

It was getting dark, but he pressed on, wading through a large creek, and striking into the thick cane upon the opposite side.

It was not until after a great deal of difficulty that he came upon the dogs, which he found had treed a bear in a large, forked poplar, the brute ensconcing himself directly in the fork. It was so dark that Crockett could only distinguish a dark mass, and he fired as best he could. The bear, instead of coming down, went up higher, and crawled out upon a large limb. Here his dark body was brought in relief against the sky, and the hunter fired with more certainty, the animal dropping down among the dogs and commencing a terrible fight with them. Crockett believed the bear would attack him, and accordingly drew his knife and stood at bay. At his feet the combatants were rolling on the ground fighting with deadly fury, while now and then he would catch a glimpse of his white coat only, the rest blending with and seeming a part of the dark, struggling mass.

At last they all rolled into one of the yawns spoken of, and the bear bit and tore his assailants most savagely. Crockett now put his gun-muzzle against the animal, and feeling about with it until he judged he had the right spot, pulled the trigger. It proved, however, to be only the fleshy part of the bear's fore-leg which he had wounded.

The enraged animal instantly sprang out of the crack and renewed the fight upon the dogs with greater ferocity than ever; but they soon forced him back into the rent, and continued their attack as before. Crockett, wearied with the protracted struggle, drew knife and sprang down among the combatants. It was a fearful place for a man to be in, but it suited Crockett's taste, as he afterward said. The bear was seized by the head, and the muzzling knife did its work.

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TWENTY MINUTES FOR DINNER.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Twenty minutes here for dinner!
What a joyful piece of news,
To a faint and famished diner
Who can not the call refuse.

Never mind our toilets, hurry!
Faces black with dust and smoke—
No time here to stop and worry,
But how slow those people poke!

Hurry out for mercy's sake, there,
Jammed in getting out the door;
Don't stand for a mortal week there,
Time is halfway up or more!

What a scramble for the table!
What a tumbling over chairs!
What a noisy babble! Babel!
No time here to put on airs.

Jing, what little bit of room here,
Squeezed as in a vice's clutch,
One would meet his mortal doom here,
Not much space to fill up much.

Here, my friend, if you'd eat faster
You'd not be eating at all;
There, some one has wrecked the castor,
Nothing in it, I am small.

When your meat is on your fork so,
You can't get it to your chops,
Neighbors do their elbows work so,
Punch you once and down it drops.

Everybody in a bluster,
Crying, "Waiter," till ears ache,
Gentleman in linen duster,
Stuffing pockets full of cake.

Do not scrouge so if you please, sir,
With that butter on your sleeve!
There's my coffee on my knees, sir!
Train is just a-going to leave.

In a jiffy off we scamper,
And into the cars we pour,
False alarm, oh, what a damper,
Train won't start for half an hour!

Here, my friend, if you'd eat faster
You'd not be eating at all;
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When your meat is on your fork so,
You can't get it to your chops,
Neighbors do their elbows work so,
Punch you once and down it drops.

Everybody in a bluster,
Crying, "Waiter," till ears ache,
Gentleman in linen duster,
Stuffing pockets full of cake.

Do not scrouge so if you please, sir,
With that butter on your sleeve!
There's my coffee on my knees, sir!
Train is just a-going to leave.

In a jiffy off we scamper,
And into the cars we pour,
False alarm, oh, what a damper,
Train won't start for half an hour!

Here, my friend, if you'd eat faster
You'd not be eating at all;
There, some one has wrecked the castor,
Nothing in it, I am small.

When your meat is on your fork so,
You can't get it to your chops,
Neighbors do their elbows work so,
Punch you once and down it drops.

Everybody in a bluster,
Crying, "Waiter," till ears ache,
Gentleman in linen duster,
Stuffing pockets full of cake.

The Pirate's Prize.

BY ROGER STARRUCK.

In 18—, Louisa Brainard, a beautiful young girl of twenty, accompanied her father—a wealthy New York merchant—to Cuba, where Mr. Brainard had to see an agent on business.

William Benson, a United States naval officer, on furlough, and who was the accepted lover of Miss Brainard, went with them.

The two lovers were well matched, he being tall and dark, while she was fair and petite.

It was a pleasing sight to see them together on the passage, conversing on subjects with which their thoughts and feelings harmonized. At such times, the deep, soft glance of Louisa's eyes, her low voice, her blushing cheek and coy manner, so charming in a young woman, told of her deep love for the lieutenant; while his look of admiration and tenderness, when his eagle eyes were turned down upon her sweet face, betokened how his whole soul was bound up in her.

At Cuba, Mr. Brainard meeting a clergyman friend of his, it was decided that the young couple should there be made man and wife.

The preparations were soon completed, and in a few days, the train were to be united.

One day, a rough-looking sailor passed the piazza of the mansion where Mr. Brainard and his daughter were stopping. The young girl, at the time, was on the piazza, inhaling the delightful breeze from the sea. She noticed that the man walked slowly, looking haggard and worn. His garb was nearly threadbare, and his shoes were sadly dilapidated. He had the appearance of one who had traveled far, and was both tired and hungry.

Several times he glanced wistfully back at the mansion; then retracing his steps, took off his cap and bowed humbly to Louisa.

"Madam," said he, "could you give me something to eat? I am hungry and have no money."

Louisa's womanly sympathies were at once aroused. She spoke to the servants, and soon the man was enjoying a good dinner. He took his leave, looking happy. Louisa sent one of the servants after him to give him some money. The sailor seemed very grateful; he bowed to the young girl and kept on his way.

On the evening before the wedding, Louisa could not be found. Search was vainly made for her in all directions. One of the servants had seen her in the garden an hour before she was missed; this was all the clue that could be obtained.

The father was almost distracted, while it seemed as if young Benson would go mad.

The servant told the story of the sailor, who had been so kindly treated.

Then Benson turned deadly pale. "There are many pirates about the islands," said he; "I shouldn't wonder if that fellow was in league with them. They have, doubtless, taken her, thinking a large reward will be offered for her recovery. I can account for her absence in no other way."

Mr. Brainard was also of this opinion. He offered a large reward, but the missing girl was not returned.

As weeks and months passed away, the white hairs grew thicker among the locks of the bereaved father. Now wholly unfit for business, he could do nothing but speak of his lost child. As to Benson, he was a changed man. A gloom had settled on his handsome face; his great sorrow haunted him everywhere; and he who had never before wept, would, when alone, shed tears for his lost bride. No longer the light jest, the merry laugh when among his companions. Joy seemed buried forevermore in his heart, and his deep, hollow eyes shunned the scenes of mirth.

At last, Mr. Brainard found a letter in his garden, signed "JAMES BAIRD."

This Baird had been a low fellow—a brutal sea-captain, who had wanted Louisa for his wife. She had refused him; he had gone off, and Mr. Brainard had heard nothing of him until now.

"Your daughter was taken off by me to my vessel. She escaped in a boat with two of my men. Next day, I found the boat, turned bottom up. There is every reason to believe your child perished. She was foolish, as I would have made her my wife."

Beneath this signature were a rudely drawn skull and cross-bones.

Mr. Brainard understood it. Baird had turned pirate. He informed the authorities; but pirates were not uncommon in those days. The islands were full of them; no

thing could be done till a fleet of war-ships should be sent out against them. As his daughter had not come back to him, however, Brainard felt a conviction that the rascal had spoken the truth—that his child had been drowned.

This terrible news overwhelmed father and lover with anguish.

Benson was obliged to return to his ship. His brother officers looked at the man in astonishment: he was a skeleton of his former self, and appeared ten years older.

One circumstance, however, afforded the grief-stricken lover a thrill of savage joy. His ship, one of Admiral Porter's squadron, was to be sent out against the pirates.

She sailed. A nest of pirates was attacked. Among them was James Baird, whom the lieutenant had seen several times in New York. He threw himself upon the fellow, and a desperate combat ensued, which was soon ended by Benson's driving his sword to the hilt through the man's body.

He fell; but a faint smile of exultation lighted his face.

"You will never get Louisa," he gasped. "I did not tell the whole in my letter. I found her dead body washed ashore, after I sent that letter."

With this he died.

The rest of the pirates soon were defeated.

Others were attacked, a few days after, and many made prisoners. Among them was the identical sailor whom Louisa had befriended. He had received a gun-shot wound in the abdomen, and was near death's door, when, seeing Lieutenant Benson, he beckoned him to his cot.

"Something to tell 'bout that lost one, do you see," he gasped. "I saw you at the mansion, when I was eating my dinner there, and the servants told me all about how you were goin' to marry her and—"

"Never mind! Tell me about her!" interrupted the lieutenant, fairly mounting on the bed in his excitement.

"Well," gasped the man, "you see I had run away from a merchant ship. I could get nothing to do, and Captain Baird, the pirate, fell in with me and tempted me, and in an evil hour, God forgive me, I joined his band of cut-throats!"

"Soon after, a girl was brought off to our craft. It was the same who had helped me, and I made up my mind to save her. He wanted her to marry him, but she indignantly refused. He looked her in the cabin. At night I got the key of the door, and

opening it, took her and crawled through the big deadlight into a boat fast astern. I sculled the boat away in the darkness. In a few hours the boat was capsized in the dark on the rocks of Red Island. I waded with her ashore to a small cottage, the light of which I could see. An old, honest man lived there, all alone; old Ben he is called. He consented to take the girl, and hide her where the pirates could not find her. They came there next night. They killed the old fisherman; but they did not find Louisa, as she was hidden in a small cavern in the rocks.

"I rushed to the old man's assistance; but when he fell I made off, closely pursued, and took to the water. In the dark I escaped, and was soon picked up by another craft, which also proved to be a pirate. I had a brain fever for many weeks and—"

Here the man died.

Red Island was visited, but Louisa could not be found. Benson feared that Baird had told the truth; that he had really picked up her dead body, and he was as miserable as before.

One day his ship lay off Cuba. A great surprise was in store for him. He was contemplating a visit to Brainard, whom he had ascertained was still on the island, when the old man came aboard in person, with a veiled lady. She lifted her veil the moment Benson came on deck, and he recognized the one he most prized on earth—his own Louisa!

Words may not describe the transport of the lovers at this happy meeting.

Explanations were that Louisa had been picked up from Red Island by a Russian vessel, which, however, sighting pirates, had immediately sailed away. The craft was wrecked off the Brazilian coast, where for several months the castaways were obliged to remain, no vessel appearing in sight.

At last a Cuban schooner picked them up, and in a few weeks Louisa was in her father's arms.

We have only to add that the glad couple were united six months later in New York.

In a certain sense we are all born critics, and we go through this life under the severest judgments of the world. The softest eye that ever looked upon us in the spirit of friendship or of love, weighed us in its gentle balances and marked us with the amount; so let us be careful, my friend, lest we have already our accounts marked down in round numbers—000's.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

How Uncle Jake and Aunt Sukey "Fetched the Painter."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Those are ugly-looking scars, Uncle Jake," I said to the old man, as we sat out in the grove, smoking, after supper.

"You mean these here ones hyar?" he said, putting a long, skinny finger upon a terrible-looking mark that ran from temple to chin. "That ain't nothin', Ralph," he continued. "Yur jess oughter see them the critter left onto my bar'll staves."

"Your what, Uncle Jake?" I exclaimed. "Ribs, boy, ribs! Them's what I call 'em. That's one thar whar the critter raked me fur nigh two foot."

"What kind of a 'critter' was it, Uncle Jake?" I asked, though I knew very well, wishing to give the old hunter a chance to spin his favorite yarn about "how him an' Sukey this wif" fetched that 'ar painter."

"It was a painter, Ralph, an' a dog-goned big one at that, the biggest I ever see, an' that's sayin' a good deal fur a man as have lived forty odd years on Stewart's crick in ole Nelson."

"That's the same smoke-house whar the painter an' Sukey had their turn, an' thar's the very door whar Sukey come outen when she had got her shar' of scratchin'."

"Lordy! Ralph, my boy, ef yur jess could a seen Sukey that mornin'— But, hold up. I'll begin fresh over an' tell ye all about the sarvance, as the feller says."

"That year the old 'oman had riz a monstrous fine lot of turkeys, an' she was as proud of 'em as a peacock with a new tail. She'd hed a lot of trouble raisin' 'em. What with the minks an' muskrats an' weazels cuttin' the young un's wind-pipes, an' the wild turkeys a-coaxin' 'em off to the woods, she jess about had her hands full of 'em."

"Well, the young birds had come pretty well along, an' the old 'oman was beginnin' to count up her market profits onto 'em, when, all of a sudden, them turkeys begin to disappear, as the feller says, an' a'most before she knowed it, nigh half on 'em was missin'."

"Them turkeys kept a-goin', until Sukey declar'd she'd stop it, an' one day, when I came in from huntin', I see that she'd

linsey-woolsey jess atween the shoulders, an' jerkin' the old 'oman clean off'n her pins."

"But that 'er painter fooled himself, now I tell yur!"

"Yur see, he made a down'ard bite, an' his long teeth ketchin' in the garment, hung fast. The critter had to hang on like grim death to the rafter to keep Sukey from pullin' him off, an' thar they was."

"The painter's claws was busy holdin' on, but Sukey's was busy a-farin' an' goug'in' the critter's eyes outen his head, an' thar was the reason it was yowlin' so."

"I saw 'ar, Ralph, I couldn't do a turn fur larfin'. Juss to see the old 'oman's two fat stumps a-weavin' around in the air, her head lookin' like it had gone outen sight atween her shoulders, an' she a-goug'in' an' hollerin' fur help."

"But, I didn't larf long, you can take your affdavy, as the feller says."

"Jess while I was tryin' to straighten up, I heard somethin' 'ar, give way like, an' down come Sukey on one side, an' the painter on t'other."

"The old 'oman was out the door a'most afore she touched the groun', an' then me an' the critter locked horns, an' went at it."

"I, fortinately, got holt of the meat-ax, that lay on the block, or I reckon I'd a' went under."

"It was a turrible fight, my boy, but I claned him out at last, but not till he had left his mark, as the feller says."

"When I got well, Sukey made me nail all the clapboards in the ruff down tight, an' her turkeys warn't never pestered any more by painters. Nor me, nuther, I am happy to say, as the feller says."

Beat Time's Notes.

I'll admit that, in dying, to leave a good name behind is nobler than to have riches, but, it seems to me, I would much rather my forefathers had taken a notion to leave a little less name and a little more money.

If there was such a thing as honesty being a crime, many and many a poor fellow that I know would be sure to get to heaven.

When I first heard that Jones was going to run for Congress I thought it was a joke, and when I found that he really was, I thought it was a joke still.



THE PIRATE'S PRIZE.

turned the meat-house into a turkey-pen, an' turned the back-kitchen into a meat-house."

"I didn't say a word; 'twouldn't a' been no use, yur see, as the feller says, but I did think the proceedin' was a little erreglar."

"The thing worked first-rate for a good while, and many turkey was missin'."

"Well, one mornin' airly, afore I had got up, I heard Sukey buzzin' about the house, an' pretty soon I hear her go out to feed the turkeys."

"I reckon it war mebbly a minit arter, when all at once I hear the all-frested screechin' an' yowlin' an' hollerin' fur help that ever was, I do believe."

"I knowed the ole 'oman's voice an' hustled into my breeches right lively, now I tell yur, fur I was seart, as the feller says."

"By the time I got to the smoke-house, the racket inside war perfectly awful. I declar', boy, that it war as much as I could do to keep from leavin'."

"Thar was Sukey a-screechin', the gobblers an' hens pipin' thar best, Lockjaw and Jowler a-barkin', an' the painter a-squallin' away es ef ev'ry one on 'em was tryin' to make the most hubbub."

"Yur see, I knowed it war a painter, of course, by his squalls, an' yur better believe, boy, the old Jack was seart fur keeps, as the feller says."

"Yur see, this thing of bein' shet up in a meat-house, or any other kind of a house, ain't no joke, no siree!"

"Well, I jess didn't know what to do. I wanted to run back arter the rifle, an' then I was afeared that, ef I did, the varmint would eat Sukey, linsey-woolsey, an' all."

"Yur see, I war in a quandary, as the feller says."

"But, somethin' had to be done, fur Sukey was goin' wiss'n a steam locomotive of that's what you calls 'em, an' in I went."

Here Uncle Jake laid back on the log and laughed till he actually fell off and broke the clay stem of his pipe.

"Yes, I went in that meat-house, an' even ef I didn't like to 'a' never come out ag'in, I see'd the funniest sight that ever those old eyes looked on."

"Yur see, the painter had come in through the roof, clapboard, yur know, an' was a-layin' stretched out on the top cross-pieces. He had a'ready killed two of the turkeys, an' what few feathers he hadn't swallowed, was layin' around loose like, as the feller says."

"Sukey didn't see the critter when she came in, an' had scrambled up onto a kind of a ladder to count the birds afore she turned 'em out, when down re'ched the painter an' grabbed at her back, ketchin' the

Short Stories from History.

How History is Made.—That every thing we read in history is not true, one has only to read some current "History of the Great Rebellion." Our histories of the American Revolution are full of statements which writers of to-day question. Of the history of Napoleon I, we never shall have a really correct version. This anecdote is illustrative of the credulous or unreflecting character of many "historians."

The celebrated French writer, the Abbe Raynal, toward the end of the year 1777, called one evening on Dr. Franklin at his lodgings in Paris, and found, in company with the doctor, their common friend, Silas Deane. "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbe," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill-served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?" The Abbe resisted this attack with some warmth, and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbe had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not one word of truth." Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. "My dear Abbe," said he, "shall I tell you the truth? When I was young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper, and, as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality; now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions."

And upon my word," cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, "I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people." Such is the way in which modern philosophers write history!

How to Overcome Sloth.—The hours we waste in unnecessary sleep, if aggregated and put to some good work, would, in ten years, produce wonderful results, as this story of the great naturalist, Buffon, will attest: Buffon constantly rose with the sun, and thus relates the manner in which he acquired such a habit of early rising: "In my youth," says he, "I was excessively fond of sleep, and that indolence robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served him for sixty-five years) was of the greatest benefit to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he could make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not the next day to rouse and torment me, but I only abused him. He tried the day following, and I threatened him. Friend Joseph," said I to him at noon, "I have lost my time, and you have gained nothing. You do not know how to manage the matter. Think only of my promise, and do not regard my threatenings." The day following he accomplished his point. At first I begged, then entreated and abused, and would have discharged him; but he disregarded me, and raised me up by absolute force. He had his reward every day for my ill-humor at the moment of waking; by thanks, and a crown, an hour after. I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my works."

True Greatness.—There are names and natures which earthly titles can not ennoble—a fact which the founders of our republic happily understood. "All men are created equals," is the American theory of civilization; and history is full of instances where eminent persons treated "patents of nobility" as offenses against their human nature. Schiller, the great German dramatist and poet, had such a "patent" conferred on him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never used. Turning over a heap